

One hundred years ago;

COL. JOHN ADDISON. From an original portrait in the possession of the family.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO OR THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE REV. WALTER
DULANY ADDISON

COMPILED FROM ORIGINAL PAPERS IN POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY, BY HIS
GRANDDAUGHTER, ELIZABETH HESSELIUS MURRAY

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TO MY PASTOR AND FRIEND, THE REV. THOMAS J. PACKARD, THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

Gentle Reader:

*It has been suggested to me that my book requires a Preface, or rather a word of apology
that I, who am not an author, should offer to you a book which, perhaps, is, properly*

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speaking, not even a book, but simply a bundle of relics of another age that I have bound together with the slenderest of threads. When I confided my MSS some time ago to a literary friend, he said that it was “very interesting material,” and a distinguished publisher used the same expression, assuring me, however, that my “material” was “valuable” and worthy of being published. Evidently this is only the “material” of a book, yet if you find in it but a small portion of the profit, as well as of the enjoyment, it has afforded me, you will not ask for an apology.

Introduction.

ONE hundred years ago, August 1793, the Rev. Walter Dulany Addison was ordained at Easton, Maryland, by the Right Rev. Thomas J. Claggett.

I propose to celebrate the centennial of this event, so important in the life of the subject of it—and not without its influence on our then infant Church—by collecting in a little book the various memorials of him that have been already published, adding to them what other information I can gather from those family letters, journals and writings within my reach, which appear to me to throw light on the history of a life spent in a singularly close and faithful following of his Master and Lord. For he was one of those “holy and humble men of heart” who have been a blessing to the earth in all ages: as well in our time as when the *Benedicite* was first sung. No age is so dark but that some such characters have been found, to the praise of God and the good of their fellow-men. Generally, as in this case, they have led unobtrusive lives, which spoke to an evil world, as the still small voice of conscience speaks to an evil heart.

It was in the summer of 1893 that the idea of writing this memoir first occurred to me. The enthusiasm which has lately been developing for Colonial relics and Colonial histories began to excite in me a curiosity to examine the viii old letters and papers in my own possession: and I soon found myself intensely interested in them. As I read on, the passion for the past which is in the air took possession of me, and I became absorbed in

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the journals and letters of my great-grand and great-great-grandparents, and their friends and relations. In the light of these records of their daily life, their characters, and even their persons, seemed to loom out of the dim past and to live again: their various occupations, their amusements, even their dress, and sometimes, though more rarely, their graver thoughts, religious and political, were all reflected there. They lived in that transition period when the old colonial civilization was culminating in the birth of a new era, and a new empire, and yet they seem to have been surprisingly unconscious of the importance of the scenes through which they were passing, little realizing the import of the events then happening, which, I am sorry to say, they were generally disposed to condemn, for most of these old writers were staunch Tories.

Among the personages who live again in these old records, the figure of my grandfather stands out in bold relief (although there is among them all scarcely a line of his own writing*), a figure entirely unique in its simplicity and unworldliness—or “other-worldliness,” as Sydney Smith, I think, calls it; a man of great individuality and strength of will, full of zeal, and of remarkable independence of thought, who, having in very early life accepted for himself the highest ideal, pursued it with unwavering purpose until his life's end. As I read, I became possessed with the desire

* Since writing the above, I have, through the kindness of Miss Whittingham, seen a number of his letters, in possession of the Diocesan Library in Baltimore; some of which I have by permission copied, and they will be found in Part II of this book.

ix to rescue from oblivion, and preserve for his descendants, the history of a life so worthy of their veneration. But while I continued my work, this character, as it has unfolded itself to me, seemed so beautiful in its purity and singleness of purpose, that I have thought others as well as those for whom I at first intended it, might be attracted by it, more especially as the time in which he lived, was fraught with deepest consequences to Church and State. It was during his childhood that those causes were developed that led to the birth of this new Empire in the West, and to the reconstruction and regeneration of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America. When he arrived at man's estate, both Church

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and State were just emancipated from the rule of the mother-country; and by the years immediately ensuing, their character was to be in a large measure determined.

When we look upon the grandeur of this country, so clearly brought before us in the Columbian Exposition, we cannot, in view of the stupendous growth of this mighty nation be surprised at the passion that has seized our people to revive every incident connected with its early formation, and to assert every individual claim of descent from those who took part in its early development.

If our interest is great in the growth of the State, it should be no less so in that of the Church.

Those who were so fortunate as to have attended the last General Convention of the P. E. Church at Baltimore, could not fail to have been greatly impressed by the dignity and imposing character of the body of men there assembled. One could not listen to the debates on the important questions submitted to them—questions affecting the welfare of x the world and the advancement of Christ's kingdom among men—without feeling a higher respect for human nature, and for the Church which these men represented.

It should fill our hearts with wonder and praise to look back upon the feeble beginnings from which that Church has been developed. The little one has become a thousand; and while we rejoice in this growth, wonderful as it is, shall we not remember gratefully the men who were used of God to lay the foundations on which so grand a structure has been raised?

Among these men, WALTER DULANY ADDISON was a diligent and faithful laborer. His post among the builders, or perhaps we should say restorers, was a very important one, for the parish in which he lived included the new seat of government. A handsome memorial window in old St. John's Church, Georgetown, now informs us that he “founded the church in this parish in the year 1794.” This was the year after his ordination. At that time there was no Episcopal church in Georgetown, or in the new City of Washington.

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He had another parish, but undertook the work as a missionary. Nowhere in the country could the influence of a good man's life have been more important. Nearly fifty years have passed since he entered into rest, and few are left who remember him—hardly one who ever heard him preach; yet of his life and work, a singularly minute record is preserved in the writings of others; not only of his life, but of the early surroundings by which his character was doubtless moulded. These are in themselves interesting as belonging to the Old Colonial Period, and as throwing light on the social life of that time, of late the subject of so much research.

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The chief sources from which this work has been compiled are the unpublished Recollections of my uncle, the late Dr. E. B. Addison, written for his children; copies of which he kindly sent to me, from time to time, as they were written. A short sketch of his life, partly dictated to his son, Wm. Meade Addison, by my grandfather himself. "Old Families, Ministers and Churches," by Bishop Meade; and a biographical sketch written by his old friend, the Rev. Ethan Allen, for Sprague's "American Pulpit."

I am also indebted to Mrs. Commodore Ridgely's kindness for permission to use the papers of her grandfather, Major Walter Dulany.

E. H. M.

West River, Md., August, 1893.

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Part I.

CHAPTER I. Annapolis: The Birthplace of Walter Dulany Addison.

NO more striking relic of the Old Colonial Time remains to us than the little city of Annapolis. With regard to this name, we find in an old memoir of Dr. Thos. Bray that “in 1696 the Secretary of Maryland Sir Thomas Lawrence with Mr. Bray, waited on the Princess Ann of Denmark in behalf of the Provinces to request her gracious acceptance of the Governors and Countrys dutiful Respects in having denominated the Metropolis of the Province there but lately built, from her Royal Highness's name Annapolis. and the latter being soon after favored with a noble benefaction from the same Royal hand toward his Libraries in America he dedicated the Premier Library in those Parts & which has the choicest kind belonging to it to the value of 400£ to Her Glorious Memory by the title of the Annapolitan Library.”

Some of these old volumes are still preserved in the library of old St. John's College there.

At the date when our history commences, 1769, Annapolis was at the height of its supremacy as the social and political center of the colony. As it was the birthplace of the subject of this memoir, a glance at the state of its society at that time may not be considered irrelevant.

The Abbé Robin, writing from Annapolis, says: "The furniture of the houses here is of the costliest description. They have light and elegant carriages, which are drawn by fine horses. The coachmen are slaves, and are richly dressed. There appears to be more wealth and luxury in Annapolis than in any other city which I have visited in this country, and the extravagance of the women here surpasses that of our Provinces. A French hair-dresser is a man of great importance. A lady here pays hers a thousand crowns a year. This little city, which is at the mouth of the Severn, contains several handsome edifices. The State House is the finest in this country. There is also a theatre. The climate is the most delightful possible."

About this period a Jockey Club was instituted, and many gentlemen imported horses of high reputation at great expense from England.

Annapolis never acquired a large population or any great degree of commercial importance; but long before the American Revolution it was conspicuous as the seat of wealth and fashion.

The English Surveyor of Customs, speaking of Annapolis (when writing to a friend in England about 1770), says: "I am persuaded that there is not a town in England of the same size which can boast a greater number of fashionable and handsome women, and were I not satisfied to the contrary, 5 I should suppose the majority of the belles had possessed every advantage of a familiar intercourse with the manners of your great metropolis. In this remote region the phantom pleasure is pursued with as much avidity as on your side of the Atlantic, and certainly with as much gratification. Our races, just

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concluded, continued four days, and surprising as it may appear, I assure you there are few meetings in England better attended or where more capital horses are exhibited.”

The Drama began its life here, and under the encouragement of the Royal Governor it attained a high state of perfection. The “Tuesday Club,” too, had a wide reputation and counted among its members distinguished men from all parts of the country.

In a very interesting article in the “Architectural Record” of March, 1892, Mr. Randall gives us a charming account of its old colonial mansions. He says of it: “Certainly, in the length and breadth of the land it was impossible to find such another miniature city, with all the habits and tastes that were common among the aristocracy of England.”

It was the seat of a wealthy government, and as such congregated around it many whose literary attainments eminently qualified them for society. Its thought led the mind of the province. Its Gazette, which was published in 1745, was the first newspaper ever published in this country. The first theatre in the country was built here, in the year 1750, by permission of his Excellency the Governor, Benjamin Tasker. The Gazette mentions that on “February 7th, a company of comedians arrived in town, and continued their performances until May following. Among the plays were 6 ‘The Orphans,’ ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ ‘The Jew of Venice,’ &c.”

The ballroom and race-course added to the reputation of the inhabitants for gaiety. In fact, the luxurious habits, elegant accomplishments and profuse hospitality of the Annapolitans were proverbial throughout the colonies. Judging them by their habitations, they were a people of refined and cultivated tastes. Their houses are large, well and solidly built; the brickwork, cornices and other details are finely finished; but they are externally without architectural pretension. On entering them, however, we find large and beautifully proportioned rooms, with doors of solid mahogany and sometimes with handles of silver, and very elegant mantelpieces and stairways. The main room is usually the dining-room, proving that a large hospitality was a leading purpose in their construction. These dining-

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rooms usually open into the gardens, which were very beautiful and kept with great care and skill. After dinner it was the custom of the guests to stroll out under the shade of the trees and enjoy the beauties of the garden and of the river till tea, which was often served under the trees. There still remain in some of the old families pieces of ancient silver of very elegant design and workmanship. In Dr. Ridout's family I have seen an exquisite piece which was used as an ornament for the center of the table; also old Dresden china worthy to have graced the collection of Queen Mary at Hampton Court.

In the matter of coaches, however, the love of display cropped out and seems to have been unrestrained. The coaches were imported from England, with the horses and 7 liveries. I have heard that some of the panels on which the escutcheons were emblazoned are still preserved as relics of a gorgeous past. Dr. Ridout once told me that his father remembered when six coaches-and-six were kept in the town; and it was not the style for the grandees to appear with less than four.

With the surrounding country abounding in game and the waters of the Chesapeake with oysters, ducks and terrapin, it was not difficult to maintain a bountiful hospitality; and in this respect they appear to have fully availed themselves of their advantages. The lovely Severn river, the high banks of which remind one of a miniature Hudson, widens, a few miles from the town, into a beautiful sheet of water called Round Bay, where lovely scenery as well as abundance of fish invited the angler to indulge his favorite pastime.

On the other side of the town the "Spa" winds past fine old mansions with terraced gardens; among them Carrollton, the seat of Charles Carroll, and in front of the city the Severn loses itself in the blue waters of the broad Chesapeake. Everything, therefore, combined to make boating and sailing attractive. The gentlemen kept their sail-boats as the ladies did their coaches, and many pleasant excursions were made to the country-seats of friends on the Eastern Shore and in St. Mary's; but very inferior, however, to the yachts of to-day were these sail-boats, and if the voyage lasted all night, which it frequently did, the accommodations were but scanty.

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One of these expeditions is pleasantly described by Rebecca Dulany in a letter to her sisters.

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Letter from Rebecca Dulany to her sisters Molly, Peggy and Kitty.

Thursday, June 4th, 1764.

My Dear Girls:

I have received your letters and am very glad to hear you have spent your time so agreeably since I left you. I hope you will excuse my writing you all in one letter, but I have so little time to write in, that I am obliged to do it. In the first place we went off mighty well, but about twelve it grew quite calm, and we were kept all night upon the Water. There were two beds in the cabin. Uncle Young took one and I the other, and Mr. Wolstenholme and Mr. Potts lay under the forecastle of the boat and slept very soundly, they both said.

The wind came up fresh, about one o'clock at night, and we landed at Rousby Hall about seven o'clock. Now, I suppose Mollie will envy me my happiness when I tell her how much I have had of George Fitzhugh's company. As soon as we had done breakfast Ben Potts went home, and Mrs. Plater, the two Miss Tayloes, George Fitzhugh and myself, went upstairs where we were very merry as you may judge by the company, for Miss Tayloe is fully as lively and diverting as George Fitzhugh. We dined at Colonel Fitzhugh's and after dinner we all set off to Colonel Plater's in Col. Tayloe's vessel and got there to tea. After tea the young ladies played on the guitar, and sung for us, and then we took a long walk in the garden, and after that, we had the guitar again, and a great deal of Mr. Fitzhugh's company. I never saw him in better spirits, or appear to be happier. What contributes much to his happiness is the 9 company of Miss Betsy Tayloe. It is not to be wondered at, for she is a very fine, agreeable young lady. Perhaps, Molly, you may think I have said all this to tease you, but upon my word I am in earnest, and if you had seen them as much as I

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have you would have given him over for lost, and I would have you provide another string to your bow, for I am certain you stand not the slightest chance with him.

We spent a very merry evening and in the morning uncle Young, and I got up early and came here. We found Mrs. Lowe and Aunt Young at Breakfast, and Miss Betsy Brooke, an old virgin, with them. We were invited next day to Mrs. Plater's to her little boy's Christening. I went, but Aunt Young could not leave the old Virgin, and so was disappointed. I never saw a handsomer entertainment. There was a good deal of company and we were extremely merry. I stayed all night. Next day we were invited to Col. Barnes' to dinner, but only Mrs. Tayloe, Betsy and myself went. We all rid together in Col. Plater's chariot and four. Theres for you my girls! When will any of you have such an honor? Though my lady Ogle, I beg your pardon: I dare say you have vanity enough to expect to have one of your own, though for my part I'm much afraid I shall never have the honor to ride in my sister's chariot: though there have more unlikely things happened. We had a very genteel dinner, and a great deal of merry conversation. G.F. was with us. We stayed to tea. Mrs. Tayloe and Betsy went to Col. Plater's, and I came home to aunt Young. Tuesday we had a good many gentlemen to dinner but I shall not tell you who they were . . .

Miss Becky, the author of this gay letter, was the eldest 10 of the sisters, and could not have been more than fifteen when it was written.

Two years after we find the following letter to her father, from a disconsolate lover, who afterwards became her husband:

Oxon Hill, Potomack, *May* 30th, 1766.

To Walter Dulany, Esq.

Most Kind Sir:

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My present condition will no longer allow me to remain in silence.

How fain would I utter the tender feelings of my opprest heart.

Permit me with gratitude and sincerity to return you thanks for your candid and compassionate letter in answer to mine—wrote you when I was in Annapolis—where you generously expressed your sentiments and acquainted me with your objections. Your remarks are very just and show the tender parent. But though your daughter is young, she may have as much prudence as one of more years: however I could wait with the greatest pleasure in hopes of a future reward. If you have, however, other objections, I must desist and submit to my illfortune. If I had succeeded agreeably to my wishes I did not purpose bringing matters to bear for some considerable time: till I had discharged the duty and trust that was imposed on me as Executor to the estate of my late father.

My desires are very great, to have a nearer Alliance* with

* The mother of Mr. Dulany, and Mr. Addison's grandmother, Rebecca and Eleanor Smith, were sisters.

11 your family, where I have observed to reign Harmony, Peace, and Contentment. The Parents glory in their Children and the Children rejoice in their parents: both seem happy in each other. May uninterrupted happiness continue with you.

If I could be admitted in your Family as one of them I should be satisfied.

I have discovered in your Daughter an affability, and sweetness of temper, which will not fail to make the man happy who will have the good fortune to possess her, whoever he may be. My prayer is that he may be worthy of her. If I thought it would disturb the peace of mind and contentment she enjoys, I would rather submit to the present load of affliction that now hangs upon me, and labor under it through life than to interrupt her happiness.

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My prayers and wishes shall always attend you and your family. May you be happy all your days, and live to see your Children's Children flourish and prosper around you! Which no one can more sincerely wish than, Sir,

Y'r most obliged h'ble servant, Thomas Addison, Jr.

In the Annapolis Gazette, December, 1767, we find the following entry:

“On Monday evening last Thomas Addison to Rebecca Dulany, eldest daughter of Walter Dulany Esq. an agreeable young lady possessed of many amiable qualities.”

He died young, and we know little of him, except that my uncle says “during his life a good deal of state was kept up 12 at Oxon Hill. His style on the road was a coach and four, with outriders. I have heard my father speak of the superb English coach horses, (I remember the names of two: Poppet and Eden) and also of the fine London built coach and liveried servants.”

To the kindness of Mr. H. M. Fitzhugh I am indebted for the following letter to his mother:

To Miss Molly Dulany, at Mt. Airy.

My Dear Girl:

I am instructed and commanded by my Lady, to write to you which I have very readily & cheerfully undertaken, as it always renders me a pleasure to have any—the least connection or intercourse with one to whom I am so warmly and cordially attached: this by way of Preface, now to proceed—it seems that there has been an appointment betwixt you & Becky to have a meeting at Mr. Bouchers: this will be impracticable—My Mother, being much indisposed has desired my sister not to leave her—& as my Sister cannot be at Home, Becky & myself intend to do ourselves the Pleasure of coming to Mr Calverts Tomorrow—to which place She has long had an inclination to go, but doubly so now, to

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see both them & you, & I need not tell you that this is my case also—I want much to say more to you but must decline it, as its late & the Boy is waiting Becky & our little ones join in love to you—& Respectful Compliments to Mr & Mrs Calvert & Family—

yrs Sincerely & affectionately Thos. Addison.

Friday Eve, *May 7th*, '73.

CHAPTER II. His Birthplace and Ancestors. 1667–1739.

COL. JOHN ADDISON, the great-grandfather of Thomas Addison, came to this country from England in the year 1667. He was brother to Launcelot Addison, Dean Of Litchfield—father of the celebrated Joseph Addison. He also had a brother Anthony, Rector of Abingdon and Chaplain to the Duke of Marlborough. In an old note-book of his grandson (the Rev. Henry Addison), which he kept while in England, is the following entry, in 1777–8:

“St. Helen's Church at Abingdon is a spacious and handsome building, in the Gothic style and decently ornamented. My great-uncle, Anthony Addison, B.D., Rector of this Church, died in 1719 and lies buried here under the altar.”

His brother Launcelot is buried in the Cathedral of Litchfield. Over a door is to be seen the Addison arms, together with that of a noble lady who gave the money to restore the cathedral.

Mr. Boucher, in an article written for the “*Historia Cumbriensis*,” tells us that he had seen, while in Maryland, “sundry letters in the possession of Rev. Henry Addison, from Joseph Addison to his ancestor, in which were frequent allusions to their being of one family.”

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Mr. Boucher goes on to say: “That branch, which went to Maryland, became of note and still are so. They possess a noble estate on the banks of the Potomack, opposite

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Alexandria and contiguous to the new Federal City, now building there on a large scale. The family has long been distinguished for their strong sense, fine taste and humour and exquisite style in writing. The Rev. Henry Addison was allowed to excel all his contemporaries at Queen's, in the writing of good Latin. Taking the side of the Government in the late confusions, which overturned the constitution of his country, he had the fortitude, though at an advanced age, to turn his back upon it with the indignant sentiment of the editor of Scip?o, 'Ingrata terra! ne ossa quidem habeas,' and returned to this kingdom with a friend and relation who now feels a melancholy satisfaction in thus paying a last faithful though feeble tribute of affection to a man of great worth, whose memory he will ever honor. His saltem accumulem donis et fungar inani munere."

In common with his family in England, John Addison was a Whig in politics, and we find his signature on an address of congratulation to King William. "He was a Privy Councillor of the intruding Government introduced by the Protestant Revolution." "In 1692 he was member of his Majesties Council" and presiding Judge of Charles County. He also distinguished himself in the encounters of the colonists with the Indians, and was appointed colonel of the "Military Establishment of the Colony."

This redoubtable warrior and councillor was taken captive some years after his arrival in this country by the charms of the Widow Dent. Their marriage occurred, I regret to say, little more than a year after the death of her first husband, but the many honors and attractions of the colonel may serve to account for her want of devotion to the memory of the lamented Mr. Thomas Dent. She was the daughter of the Rev. William Wilkinson.

From an article in Sprague's "American Pulpit" I copy the following sketch of him by the Rev. Mr. Allen:

"The Rev. William Wilkinson, with his wife, his two daughters and some indentured servants, in all nine persons, left the land of his fathers and crossed the ocean to plant himself here. Mr. W. came not to an endowed church or to a people capable of supporting

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him. He was the first clergyman of the Church of England who had come to the Province, though it had been settled sixteen years. There were, however, at this time several rude places of worship, built of logs from the forest. They were located not far from the water-side, for the settlers all chose their residences on the banks of some or other of the beautiful creeks and rivers which served them as highways. These places of worship had lay-readers, by whom the service of the Church of England was performed and sermons were read.”

Mr. Wilkinson received a grant of nine hundred acres for the nine persons brought into the colony, and later we find that he took up 11,000 more. Mr. Allen continues:

“He early created an interest in himself and his ministry, which was shown by the legacies left him and the church. He acquired a character which caused his appointment as the guardian of the orphan, and his house became the home of the sick and the dying. In his will, still on record, he says: ‘Imprimis—I give my soul to God and my body to the earth whence it came, with humble confidence that both body and soul shall at the Resurrection receive a happy reunion and be made partakers of that happiness which is purchased by my blessed Redeemer Jesus Christ the Righteous.’ Such were the hopes of this veteran pioneer of the Church among the scattered poor, in this then savage and benighted land.”

It was very probably through the influence of this good man that Col. Addison became leading commissioner in establishing St. John's Parish, Maryland, and in building Broad Creek Church, of which the Rev. Walter D. Addison was afterwards rector. He was also a large subscriber and one of the Trustees to King William's School, at that time about to be established as a free school. Returning to England on business, he died intestate, “leaving considerable wealth there, besides a very large landed estate in this country,” which was afterwards increased and improved by his only son Thomas, who also became of great influence in the colony and in the Church. “He was Colonel of the militia, and Privy Councillor from 1721 to 1727 and Visitor of the Free Schools. He married first, Elizabeth Tasker, by whom he had two daughters, Rebecca and Eleanor; secondly,

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Eleanor, daughter of Col. Walter Smith, and sister of Mrs. Daniel Dulany, by whom he had a daughter and four sons, who were educated at Lowther, England, under the tuition of Mr. Wilkinson, one of the first scholars of his age." His eldest son, John, inherited the largest part of his estate and married Miss Susanah Wilkinson. They had two sons, Thomas and John, and two daughters, Ann, married to Mr. Carr, and Eleanor, to Rev. Jonathan Boucher.

THE OLD DULANY MANSION.

17

WALTER DULANY ADDISON, the eldest son of Thomas Addison and Rebecca Dulany, was born at Annapolis, January 1st, 1769, at the home of his maternal grandparents, Walter and Mary Grafton Dulany, and as Rev. Mr. Boucher was the rector of St. Anne's he was doubtless baptized by him. Many persons now living can remember "the old Dulany house," with its beautiful gardens extending to the water's edge. It was built for Daniel Dulany by an architect named Duff, who came to this country in 1728. It was sold to the government, with seven acres of ground, in 1808 by the executors of Major Walter Dulany.

The following extract is from the "Ancient City" by Riley: "In 1883 one of the landmarks of the State fell. It was built by Daniel Dulany and was the residence of a talented family till 1808. In 1883 Captain Ramsay, the Superintendent of the Naval Academy, had it tom down to build a more modem residence for the Commandant. Congress, which had refused money for this purpose, resented the action and declared no money should be used to complete the offensive structure. There it remained till the end of the term of the offending superintendent, a monument of autocratic independence and congressional indignation." The present structure is said to be built as nearly as possible on the old plan and with the old brick. As Daniel Dulany was a very prominent figure in the colony in his day, and as his early history is not without a certain romance, perhaps a little sketch of him may be interesting.

"He was a student of Trinity College, Dublin, when a quarrel with his stepmother induced his father to withdraw his allowance, and he was compelled to seek his fortune in 18 the new world. To defray the expense of his passage he indentured himself to the captain for the cost of the trip, and was transferred on his arrival in Maryland to Col. George Plater, Attorney-General of the Province, who soon discovered that he was well educated and a gentleman, and made him his clerk. He afterwards studied law in Col. Plater's office. He was admitted to the Provincial Bar in 1710, and as a student of Law at Gray's Inn, London, February, 1716. On his return to this country he married a daughter of Gov. Plater, and after her death Rebecca Smith, daughter of Col. Walter Smith. For nearly forty years he held the first place in the confidence of the Proprietary and in the affections of the people. During that period he held the various offices of Alderman, City Councilman, and Recorder of Annapolis, Attorney-General, Judge of the Admiralty, Commissary-General, Receiver-General, and Councillor of the Province, which latter post he held under the administrations of Governors Bladen, Ogle, and Sharpe. He was also for several years leader of the country party in the Lower House. He died 1753, and his second wife's tomb (erected by himself and bearing his escutcheon quartered with Smith) may be seen in the churchyard at Annapolis." It is, however, so obscured by age that it was with great difficulty that this copy was made. The same arms are engraved on an old waiter in the possession of Mrs. Robert Cushing, of Boston.

HERE LIES THE REMAINS OF REBECCA LATE WIFE OF DANIEL DULANY OF ANNAPOLIS ESQ AND FOURTH DAUGHTER OF COLONEL WALTER SMITH. SHE FAITHFULLY AND DILIGENTLY DISCHARGED HER DUTY IN ALL RELATIONS OF A DAUGHTER A WIFE, A MOTHER, A FRIEND AND A NEIGHBOUR. SHE WAS VIRTUOUS AND CHARITABLE WITHOUT AFFECTATION SHE LIVED AN UNBLEMISHED LIFE AND DIED UNIVERSALLY LAMENTED THE 18TH OF MARCH 1737 AGED 41 YEARS.

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The following epitaph was found among the papers of his son Daniel:

On the Hon. Daniel Dulany.

One of his Lordship's Council, Commissary General, and formerly Attorney General, and Judge of the Court of Admiralty, in the province of Maryland. In the discharge of each of these offices, he was conspicuous for his assiduity, uprightness, and ability. But the first, gave him more ample scope for the exertion of his benevolent disposition and unblemished integrity. To the widow and orphan, he was ever a powerful protector, and the ignorant, he advised with clearness and condescension. To the schemes of designing men, he was an unrelenting enemy, and to the simple and oppressed, a firm and persevering friend. His conduct in every public station, every good citizen would wish his successor to imitate. He was equalled by few in ability, and excelled by none, in integrity. In all the duties of a private character, what he was, how amiable as a husband and father, a friend and a master, is remembered with the deepest sorrow, that cannot be described.

The Lord Proprietor to Walter Dulany, Esq.

London, *Apl.* 17th, 1754.

Sir, yours of 7th brings Concern for the death of y'r father. The Proprietor, and Province, have lost a real and able friend as beneficial to both, by his Public and Private abilities. There is lasting gain of Reputation to his Posterity, his life being always employed in something Immortal.

21

In my letter to yr father, I complied with your request in favor of your brother Mr. Dennis Dulany to the clerkship of Kent, on Vacancy by death of Mr. James Smith.

Yrs sincerely Cecils Calvert.

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His family name was originally Delany, and farther back deLauné. There is in the family a letter from Dean Patrick Delany, his cousin, asking why he had altered his name. The response is not known. Perhaps he thought himself ill-treated by his family, and resolved in the new world to make a new name for himself.

He left four sons, Daniel, Walter, Dennis, and Lloyd. Walter Dulany succeeded his father as Commissary-General. Walter Dulany Addison was named for his grandfather, and being the eldest grandchild, as well as the eldest son and heir of his father, his arrival was quite an important event in the family. Other grandchildren, however, speedily followed, and this one seems to have been taken possession of by his grandmother when little more than a year old, and his earliest years were spent under her care. To her he attributed his first religious impressions. He well remembered a switching he once received from her for telling her a lie. This he never forgot, and my uncle says "I believe that was the last departure from the rigid truth that he ever was known to make from lisping childhood to tottering age."

As her letters form quite a prominent part of this history, perhaps a little sketch of his grandmother Dulany may not be inappropriate here. She was the center of a happy household, most tenderly loved and revered by all, but 22 her character will be best shown in her letters, enough of which will appear in another chapter to show how charming she must have been.

The first of these which has descended to her posterity was preserved by her father and is written in the most beautiful handwriting. It gives some idea of the prim manners of that day.

Philadelphia, *March* 30th, 1739.

Honoured Sir:

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Since my coming up, I have entered with Mr. Hackett to improve my Dancing, and hope to make such Progress therein, as may answer to the Expense, and enable me to appear well in any Polite Company. The great Desire I have of pleasing you, will make me the more Assiduous in my undertaking: and should I arrive at any degree of Perfection it must be attributed to the Liberal Education you bestow on me.

I am with the greatest Respect Dear Pappa

Yr dutiful Daughter Mary Grafton.

To Richard Grafton, Esq., New Castle, Delaware.

Among the papers of Richard Grafton, whose daughter married the Hon'ble Walter Dulany, was also found this letter, which has carefully been preserved and handed down from mother to son for four generations, and which doubtless has had a powerful influence in forming the religious character of the descendants of this good man and tender father:

23

To be delivered after my Death.

Newcastle, Sept. 3rd, 1737.

Dear Polly Grafton:

My Dear, dearly and well beloved Daughter, now this has come to your hand, you know I shall never write to you or Converse with you again, for now your "dear Father" is no more: no more to delight himself in your dear Company, no more to solace himself in hopes of your Happiness, no more with pleasure to behold, your sweet Disposition and temper of mind, no more to assist and instruct you in improving yourself in those Qualifications, which may tend to your advantage both here and Hereafter.

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And now it has pleased God to take me from you, I return Him my most humble and hearty thanks, for all His manifold Blessings, and Mercies, bestowed upon me, throughout the whole course of my Pilgrimage in this world: trusting that He will always be with you, to guide, govern, protect and prosper you. That He will keep you from all Evils that poor mortals fall into, and from Sin, which is hateful in the sight of the Holy God who is of purer eyes than to behold Iniquity. I do most earnestly recommend to you, the strict observance of yr Duty, to God, to Yourself, and your Neighbor: the particulars of which you will find laid down in the “Whole Duty of Man” and the other writings of that pious and learned Author, whose works I have in 1 volume, and do this day fully and absolutely, give to you. Oh, my dear Polly! I do from my own Experience assure you, that no Pleasure in the world, is to be Compared to that of a good Conscience; though a great 24 many have no desire but for the riches, honours, and pleasures of this World. These are good things—the true and right Enjoyment of them is a great Blessing—but they are only to be very Cautiously used. They are Dangerous things; and therefore I advise you strictly to watch over yourself concerning them, and never to be so vain, as to imagine that happiness consists in a full enjoyment of them without Restriction. No. No. They, that are wholly given to those Pleasures are Dead while they live. Dead to the life of grace: Dead to the sweets of a beneficent mind and charitable hand: dead to the most ravishing delights resulting from the exercise of the duties of *Religion*, whose hopes will be too faint and weak, to afford that comfort, and Consolation, which good men feel at the hour of Death.

My dear Polly, at my writing, you are with y'r good friends Mr Plumstead in Philadelphia, whom I desire you to look upon as a father and Mrs P as a mother. Such real friends as these 'twas that induced me to spare you, so long from me, 'twas a great Denial to me, but the consideration that it was for y'r Benefit forced me to compliance.

My dear Child, you have a Bountiful, good and gracious God on whom you may safely Rely.

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You will find herewith, a deed of gift of Plate, and other things, which I gave you after y'r recovery from smallpox, and as they are yours, and no part of my Estate, they are not to be mentioned or appraised with it.

My dear Polly, I have Experienced y'r mother's tender concern for your Welfare. I hope you will always find her very just and Affectionate to you, and that you will always behave to her, with great Respect and Duty and I do wish ²⁵ that you may always live together until separated by Marriage or Death, but I will not lay any Injunction on you not foreseeing what may happen.

And now I have to Recommend you to be steadfast to the Faith and Worship of the Church of England *having always a Charitable opinion far those of other persuasions.*

I earnestly desire you to beg of God, to let you know Experimentally, the Power, as well as to have the Form, of Godliness.

My dear Polly, I do from my own experience, and to my great comfort, and consolation, assure you that all the enjoyments of this world, have been to me as Trifles, in comparison of that sweet and ravishing delight I have felt in the exercise of *fervent earnest Prayer.*

My dear child, I desire you to beg, Oh, earnestly to beg of God, to enlighten your Understanding, that you may know his Will, and grant you his Grace, to enable you to perform your Duty; and pray that nothing, no, not the greatest worldly interest, may ever prevail with you to trifle with Religion, or your duty, and that you may practice Religion, without which the Profession of it, will avail you nothing. You have the sum of it in the answer to the two questions in the Church Catechism, viz: "What is thy duty to God, and to thy Neighbor," which I desire you daily to practice.

I earnestly beg God Almighty, to pour down his Blessings and Mercies upon you: blessings of the right hand, and the left, and that He will "keep you Steadfast, and Unmovable,

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always Abounding in the work of the Lord,” and I am well assured your labor will not be in vain in the Lord.

26

Farewell, my dear Polly! I now leave you to pursue those paths which lead to Heaven, and Happiness, where I trust to meet you, ravished with those pleasures, and delights, which God has prepared for those who love him.

Richard Grafton.

This last parting exhortation of Richard Grafton was sacredly treasured, as we may readily imagine, by his daughter, as was also the “Whole Duty of Man.” This volume is still in possession of the family.

The summary of Christian duty to which he refers, as given by our Lord, and repeated in the Catechism, “Thou shall love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul and all thy mind and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself,” she endeavored to make the rule of her life and of that of her children and grandchildren. In the year 1892 it was my privilege to stand by the bedside of one of these, an aged and dying saint. Her eyes and hands were lifted to Heaven, and in a loud and distinct voice she exclaimed with her parting breath, “With all my heart, with all my soul and with all my strength I do,” and here the trembling lips failed to articulate clearly, but a wonderful radiance lighted the face, and she was gone, with this note of victory upon her lips.

So we see the fruit of a good man's precept and example on his descendants more than one hundred and fifty years after he had been laid at rest.

CHAPTER III. The State of the Church immediately before the Revolution. 1766–1776.

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IT was well for Mary Grafton that she held enshrined in her heart this last tender exhortation of her father, and had likewise in her possession that “folio edition of the Whole Duty of Man” to direct her path in life, for immediately after her marriage with Walter Dulany, which took place soon after, she was thrown into an atmosphere of gaiety and fashion where religion had small place.

She was young, accomplished, and in every way fitted to shine in the brilliant little circle into which her husband now introduced her. He seems to have been a man of ability, although his talents were less conspicuous than those of his more distinguished father and brother. He succeeded the former as Commissary-General, and continued the same kind supervision of the interests of the widows and orphans of the province, and was after his death in 1773 much censured by one who desired to succeed him in office, for having “so often remitted the fees which were due to him from their estates, that the office had become in his hands much less lucrative than it should be.”

28

Few homes in the land had been happier than theirs. Thomas Addison, aspiring to a place there, truly described it as a “Home where Harmony, Peace and Contentment reigned.”

It was also the seat of a large hospitality, in the exercise of which many friends and relations were made to share in these blessings. The overflow of their good things also helped to make the lives of the poor and needy more tolerable.

The Church in Annapolis, and indeed in Maryland generally, was in a deplorable condition. The old edifice in Annapolis was typical of the state of things spiritual, while a fine new theatre had been built under the patronage of the Royal Governor. This theatre was opened June 18th, 1752, and used successfully fifteen or sixteen years. Various clubs, the Tuesday Club, the Jockey Club, etc., found ample support, while the Church was falling to decay; and in a poem published in the Maryland Gazette, from which these lines are extracted, the old church bemoans its condition:

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“How changed the times: for all around Unnumbered stately piles are found. All better built and looking down On me, quite antiquated grown, Left unrepaired, to Time and prey I feel my Vitals fast decay. And often have I heard it said That some good people are afraid That I should tumble on their head. Of which indeed this seems a proof,— They seldom come beneath my roof.”

29

This plea was written by Rev. Mr. Boucher, who for a short time was rector there and who really was a good man, and it had the effect, it is said, of causing a new church to be erected.

The unhappy state of the Church was indeed a sore grief to the more thoughtful part of the community. It was in a measure caused by the fact that the sole power to present livings lay in the hands of the Lord Proprietor, a dissolute young man with no religious principle or regard for the interests of the Church. “The clergy of Maryland,” writes one of their number, “are better provided than those of any other colony and they are less respectable.” The stipend was so large that the parishes became a prey to the needy companions of Frederick, who were quite frequently ordained with the object of filling vacancies which had been previously promised to them.

A letter from Dr. Chandler to the Bishop of London will throw some light on this state of things:

Oct. 21, 1767.

My Lord:

In the month of May last I had occasion to go into the State of Maryland and think it my duty to take this opportunity to report to yr Lordship that I found the people on the southern part of the Eastern Shore where I spent a fortnight, to be the most Sober and Orderly, the least Vicious and most Religious, and at the same time *the freest from Enthusiasm*,

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of any people I have ever met with. The Parishes are large. The livings generally worth £300, some £500. The general character of the clergy I am sorry to say is wretchedly bad. It is readily confessed there are some whose Behaviour is Unexceptionable, but their number appears to be very small. They appear here, and there, like Lights shining in a Dark Place. It would really my Lord make the ears of a sober Heathen tingle, to hear the stories that are told me by many serious people.

The Inhabitants look upon themselves to be in the cruelest state of Oppression with regard to Ecclesiastical matters. The Churches are built and liberally endowed entirely at their expense. Yet the Proprietor claims the sole right of Patronage and causes Inductions to be made without any regard to the opinion of the Parishioners. Some of those inducted are known to be bad men, at the very time, and the others show themselves to be so afterwards. There is no Remedy, as they cannot be removed even by the highest exercise of Proprietary power. These are the complaints of the people. I was desired to represent them to yr L'dship and employ your Interposition.

My Lord yr dutiful servant Thomas B. Chandler.

The Rev. Henry Addison to the Lord Bishop of London:

Oct. 29, 1766.

My Lord:

The writer of this letter living in a remote part of the world, and being an utter stranger to your Lordship hath nevertheless presumed to address you, from a confidence that nothing will be thought by your L'dship beneath your attention in which the interests of the Ch of England are concerned. A clergyman as I am of that excellent Church, I cannot see anything which reflects disgrace upon her with indifference.

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This must be my apology for the trouble I must at this present give your L'dship which is particularly occasioned by the infamous conduct of a person who in this part of the world chose to call himself Congreve, but at the beginning of the present year was ordained by your L'dship under the name of Colgrave. It will be necessary to give a few Anecdotes of the life of this man so far as they have come to my knowledge.

He is a native of Ireland and hath been a good many years in America where by his own acct, he led a vagrant life. He at one time kept a House of Entertainment of no very good repute in Philadelphia; he was likewise at one time in the army here, particularly at the siege of Louisburg. The war being over and strolling about, he came to Maryland and was appointed Master of a Free school in the Co of Prince George where I live: here he married a wife who left him in a week apprehending her life to be in danger. She had much reason, for he is an abandoned drunkard, and when drunk an outrageous madman. He remained with us five or six months and having got in debt ran away and I was in hopes I shd have heard of him no more forever. Yr Ldship will judge what was my astonishment, and indignation, upon receiving a letter from London informing me that he was in Holy Orders. Such was his conduct before his Ordination and yr Ldship shall hear that his change of character wrought no change of manners in him. Upon his arrival from England he officiated in the Parish, where he 32 had before resided and after service got Drunk and behaved in the most outrageous manner, to the scandal and grief of the friends of the Church and the triumph of her enemies. After a short stay here he went to N. Carolina where together with a Parish, he enjoyed a small emolument of £20 from the Ven society. How worthily your Idship will judge. Your Ldship will please observe that I write without any desire to be concealed, but that you are at full liberty to make such use of this letter as you shall judge proper.

In conclusion permit me my Lord with humble deference to add a short Reflection. That upon such Occasions the disgrace falls, not always where it ought to fall, upon such as recommend the unworthy to yr Lordship.

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That this and such other instances which I know to be not unfrequent with respect to America, strongly evince among other things the expediency of establishing Episcopacy here, without which one may venture to prophesy that the church of England must lose ground.

With ardent prayer to the speedy Accomplishment of which most desirable End I am with great respect

Henry Addison, M. A.

Here is another, written October 24th, 1769:

My Lord,* tis with difficulty I can restrain myself from lamenting—(what the present Instance with many others which daily occur too aptly furnish Occasion to do)—the unhappy case of the church of England in this Province.

* Dr. Richard Terrick, Ld. Bishop of London.

33 Far removed from her Bishops, deprived of Discipline which every other Denomination can freely exercise, and delivered up as it were Bound in the hands of her Enemies. . . .

But I ask your Lordship's pardon and have done—well knowing that you are ever watchful of any Occasion which Providence shall present for their removal.

Humbly craving your Ldship's Blessing I remain with all respect

Yr Ldship's obedient humble servt Henry Addison.

Among Mr. Dulany's papers are some very curious ones relating to the Rev. Mr. Allen, who had been a college companion of the Proprietor, and who seems to have been a congenial friend and favorite of Frederick. His lordship ordered Gov. Sharpe to appoint him a parish. So Mr. Allen was appointed to St. Anne's, Annapolis; but one parish did not satisfy his need, and Lord Baltimore urged that he be appointed to two, or more, but the law of

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Maryland was against that, except with the consent of the vestry. Mr. Allen persuaded Mr. Sam Chew (an ancestor of the Chews of Cliveden, Philadelphia), vestryman at St. James, West River, to consent to advocate his interest with the vestry of that parish. He asked Mr. Chew what might be the yearly income. He answered £300. "That," said Mr. Allen, "will hardly supply me with liquors." Mr. Chew, after some further intercourse with Mr. Allen, determined not to give him his support. On informing Mr. Allen of his change of mind, he exclaimed, "Oh, Dulany." "I told him (writes Mr Chew) there was no Foundation for such an Accusation as it was only from himself that I knew him to be 34 his Enemy. To which Mr. Allen answered, 'I should doubt that.' I was much Provoked, but walked to my desk where was a Bible, and laying my hand upon it I declared on the Holy Evangels, that what I had said was True. He then came up to me and said 'Sir, notwithstanding that I should doubt your Word.' I replied 'What is that you say, sir? there is the door.' He answered, 'No sir.' I then told him he was a Scoundrel and seizing him by the Collar with one hand I with a Stick in the other dragged him out of my Door. On my attempting to bar the Door he put his whole weight against it, upon which I aimed a Blow, with a very good will I must confess, at his Bald Pate, but unluckily the Door took it, and thus he escaped a broken Pate—the best part of his Deserts. I then drove him off the steps and ordered him to go about his Business.

"The next morning a servant brought a letter to Mr. Edminton (Mr. Allen's curate) who was staying with me and had been Present, enclosing one for me.

"I asked Mr. E from whom it came? After a pause, he told me from Mr. Allen. I told him I would not receive a letter from such a Scoundrel, and threw it unopened into the fire, not dreaming as it came from a Minister of the Gospel it could be a Challenge.

"Notwithstanding Mr. Allen knew I had burnt his letter and therefore could know nothing of the Appointment, he most Heroically marched on the appointed day to the field of Battle.

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“After that, Mr. Allen went to Mr. Thomas's and before he came away showed his pistols to Mr. J. Thomas and asked him to unscrew one of them. Mr. T. told him he 35 thought it strange he (a Minister) should carry them. The Minister replied ‘I not only Carry them, but will make Use of them.’ From thence he went to the Church, with his pistol and a cane with a Tuck in it, and preached the most insolent Sermon.”

After this a meeting was arranged to take place in “Mr. Sam Galloway's fields,” but Mr. Allen did not make his appearance at the time fixed. He was for some little time rector of St. Anne's, and a year after was inducted into All Saints, Frederick, the richest living in the colony. The feeling against him in Annapolis was very bitter, and it is said that Mr. Daniel Dulany gave him a caning in the street. This he revenged many years after, June 18th, 1782, when Mr. Lloyd Dulany was in London, by publishing a scandalous piece in the newspaper about him. A challenge ensued, and a duel was fought between them in St. James Park, in which Mr. Dulany was killed. He was much lamented by all who knew him and especially among his family and friends in America, by whom he was greatly beloved. What added to the tragic character of the event was that he left a young and beautiful bride to mourn him.

But dreadful as is the picture thus presented of the Church in Maryland, there were nevertheless many sincere and devoted men, both among the clergy and laity, “who kept the lamp from going out in the Temple of the Lord”—men to whom the Church of England was dear, and who through all these trials remained perfectly loyal to the church of their fathers, in these days of her humiliation. They beheld “these ravening wolves in sheep's clothing tearing the flock,” and were helpless to resist them. In vain they 36 “vexed their righteous souls” to find a remedy for these iniquities. There seemed no possible redress. A letter in answer to one of these remonstrants says:

“Mr. Eden and I before his Departure both saw the Bishop of London. The Bishop acquainted us that he had no commission of Superintendency over the clergy of America

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as Bishop Sherlock had, so that the necessary Control must either be in the hands of the Lord Proprietor as Ordinary under his Charter, or in the King.”

To the Christians in the community this state of things had become almost intolerable, and no doubt had a large share in causing their disaffection to the government. Among the leading causes of the war this has, I think, been overlooked; yet surely no grievance could have been more unbearable, and if so to the Episcopalians themselves, how doubly so to members of other communions who were forced to pay for the support of these men, for whose church they had no veneration and whose ungodly lives were a scandal to all religion.

When we rejoice in the blessings of a free government, how much more cause have we to give thanks for a *free church*, with a pure ministry, and to honor those men by whose efforts it was established on its present high moral basis. Without a glance at the terrible disorders which existed previous to the Revolution we could perhaps scarcely realize the difficulty of their task in reconstructing and disciplining the infant Church. Many were the hindrances, moral and financial, to be encountered, and we can but admire the courage and determination with which these were met and overcome; and the success which crowned their efforts is a proof that the Spirit of God was with them. But it would be by no means just to our Mother Church that we should confine our attention entirely to these disorders and overlook the benefits received at her hands. From the very condemnation these evil men received I think their lives must have been exceptional.

If we look back a little to the earlier part of the same century we find a more attractive picture in the labors of the “Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.” In the history of their missionaries there is much to awaken our interest and admiration. The story of their adventures by sea and land and the toils and perils which they encountered in carrying the Gospel to the scattered flock in the wilds of this then savage land, and to the savages themselves, form a noble record of which the Church may well be proud. This Society was founded in 1701, chiefly through the zealous efforts of Dr. Thos. Bray,

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“a man,” says his biographer, “of Apostolic zeal.” Charity to the souls of other men was wrought up to the highest pitch in his. Every reflection on the dark and forlorn condition of the Indians and negroes excited in him sincere emotions of pity and concern.” In 1696 this good man was appointed ecclesiastical commissary, and entered with enthusiasm upon the task of providing earnest ministers and good books to the colonies. Finding that his presence in America was needed, and no provision being made for his journey, he sold his effects and raised money on credit to defray the expense of the journey, resigning besides a desirable parish in England. He set sail for America, and after a long and dangerous voyage of three months arrived in Maryland, 38 December, 1699. He organized the Church here as well as he could, and returned to England in 1700 to obtain the sanction of the king to a bill for its order and constitution. He now gave himself up to labor for the spiritual welfare of the colonies by collecting libraries for their use, and finally by uniting those interested in this object in a Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Lands. This Society held its first meeting at Lambeth Palace, the Archbishop of Canterbury presiding. Its objects are thus declared: “To settle the State of Religion as well as may be among our own people which by all accounts very much needs their Pious care and then to proceed in the best methods they can towards the conversion of the natives. To supply Bibles and Prayer Books to the colonies and to furnish their churches with good books.” The Society adopted as its seal a ship under sail, with a minister holding a book at the prow, and the motto “Transiens adjuva nos.” In 1701 Maryland had a population of 2500, settled in thirty parishes, only half supplied with clergy. The S. P. G. assisted both by the settlement of clergy and in books. Their missionaries, true to their motto, traveled through the colonies preaching and distributing books. In 1702 Keith and Talbot were in Maryland. The history of the latter is full of romantic interest. He, it is now known, was one of the non-juring bishops, who came to Maryland as chaplain to the ship *Centurion*; here he exchanged this position for the more arduous one of missionary, and later became a member of the S. P. G. I give a little extract from one of his letters, which has an apostolic ring about it: “I might have money enough of the 39 people in many places but I would not take any, of those we come to proselyte. I resolved to work with my hands rather than they

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should say I was a hireling, which they are very apt to do. Blessed be God I never wanted cloaths, meat nor drink, yet if you don't send me some cloaths by next shipping instead of going as they do at White Hall I shall goe as the Indians. I shall be content let it be as it will." There is a little episode connected with the work of this Society which I will give here, because while it shows the catholic spirit of the Church of that period, it has also a relation to some of the personages who figure in this history. It is taken from the Churchman of May 29th, 1886:

"There is an interesting phase of the early history of the Church in this country which from the nature of the circumstances is almost entirely unknown, viz., the cordial unity and friendship which for nearly a century subsisted betwixt the missionaries of the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Swedish missionaries." Eric Biork's diary tells that "Mr. Evans the English minister in Philadelphia in 1712 received a letter from the High Worthy Bishop of London a copy of which I take this opportunity to put on record that those who come after us may see how we Swedes and the English lived in trust and fellowship with each other:

"I recommend to you these two Swedish missionaries Andrias Hesselius and Mr. Abraham Sidenius, whom I desire you to receive with all brotherly friendship and Charity and to cultivate the best understanding you can with them and assist them with any directions they may stand in need of and in my name recommend them to the good will and protection of the Governor.

Your most assured friend Henry London.

Fulham, *Feb.* 8th, 1711.

Andreas Hesselius was recalled in 1731. "On his departure he received the following testimonial from the English clergy: We, clergy of the Province of Pennsylvania, who have had long experience of the worth and great abilities of the Rev. Andreas Hesselius and the Rev. Abram Sidenius, who are now to return to their native land—do beg leave to

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add to our prayers to Almighty God for their safe arrival—this public mark of our sincere regard and brotherly affection for them. They were always welcome to our pulpits as we to theirs. They often preached in English with applause, and good success, without the least diminution of their care and vigilance over their own particular flock: whose circumstances being generally speaking but narrow, our brethren had opportunity given them to know how to be abased and suffer need. The Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel afforded them of late some assistance in consideration of their care for the vacant churches among us, and the favor shown them is we hope a fair prelude of their attaining also in process of time to know how to abound.”

In 1723 Provost Samuel Hesselius succeeded his brother. He also was recalled in 1731. On his departure he received the following testimonial from the English clergy: “We, ministers of the English church have deemed it just to offer 41 a letter of recommendation to the most beloved Brother in Christ the Rev. Samuel Hesselius, Master of Philosophy and Pastor of the Swedish Church located on a river generally called Christina. As said Hesselius is now by order of his sovereign the King of Sweden about to return to his Fatherland we thus certify that this godly man during a number of years worked faithfully in the Lords vineyard on this side the ocean. He is a very gifted preacher and very diligent in propagating the Gospel. May the Glorious God so arrange that our very worthy fellow servant may arrive safely in Sweden and finally be exalted to the Heavenly Father Land through Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Archibald Cumming, Commissary, and others.”

Samuel Hesselius appears to have returned to this country and must also in some measure have “learned to abound,” for his only son John Hesselius in 1755 mentions that he was detained in Philadelphia on account of being the executor of his “dear Father.” Although his name is now extinct in this country, it is still remembered with honor in the old Swedes Church in Delaware.

CHAPTER IV. The Revolution as it Affected the Church. 1773–1776.

WALTER DULANY died in 1773, beloved and regretted. His wife, in a letter to her son, desires nothing for him but that he should walk in his Father's footsteps."

He left three sons,—Walter, Daniel, and Grafton, and four daughters,—Rebecca (Mrs. Addison), Mary (Mrs. Fitzhugh), Kitty, afterwards Mrs. Belt, and Peggy (Mrs. Montgomery).

His death was the first of a succession of sorrows shortly to fall on this happy household; sorrows and perplexities manifold, which were borne with wonderful courage and fortitude by its widowed head. One cannot read her letters without admiration for the cheerful tone in which she strives to encourage her sons, while she utterly abstains from demanding sympathy of them or bemoaning herself. In the year 1775 her son-in-law, Thomas Addison, died, leaving her daughter a young widow, with four little helpless orphans, just when the political disturbances which had been gathering strength for some years were about to break out in war with the mother-country.

He appears to have executed his "trust as Executor to his father" with discretion and ability, and left his own estate in a prosperous condition. By his will he made provision 43 that his sons should be sent to England to be educated as soon as they should arrive at a proper age. His widow remained at Oxon Hill, and her son Walter was sent back to her, no doubt that he might help to comfort his mother. At this time he was in his seventh year—old enough to give her a degree of companionship if not protection.

Whoever has been witness to a great popular uprising, such for instance as was produced in our Northern States by the firing on the flag at Fort Sumpter, or by the passing of the Northern troops through Baltimore on the 19th of April, can understand the burst of long-suppressed feeling, which was kindled into uncontrollable flame, by the burning of the "Peggy Stewart." There was no further place for moderate counsels. From that moment to be in sympathy with the King was to be a hated enemy of the colonies. Former friends,

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who had lived in harmony and good-fellowship for years and until this moment, now ranged themselves on opposite sides. Contrary views produced a conflicting sense of duty. Men were carded away and parted forever by the current of excited and violent feeling which could not be restrained, and would not tolerate for a moment a difference of opinion. Neither moderation nor compromise was possible. Such was the crisis which was produced by this event, and is thus described by Grafton Dulany in a letter to his brother Walter “near Alexandria,” probably at Oxon Hill with his sister:

Annapolis, *Oct. 1774.*

Dear Wat:

Nothing can I think, talk, hear or write of but the Tumults in this town occasioned by the Tea. This is the 44 3rd letter I have wrote on the same Topic. A plain, brief narration without any remarks is what you would choose.

Well, Anthony Stewart's brig arrived here the other day, with a very large quantity of tea, imported by Williams according to orders sent before any association at all in this Province.

Stewart (as he says) according to the practice here and in Virginia entered his Vessel and paid the Duty upon the Tea. The people of the Town were very much incensed and resolved unanimously the Tea should not be landed, but in this important affair it was thought proper to call in the County that they might proceed with the best advice. Notice was given accordingly and yesterday they came to Town inflamed to the highest Degree determined to tar and feather Stewart and burn his Brig.

Upon the meeting they became cooler and they resolved to burn only the Tea at the expense of Stewart and Wms and pardon them on their making concessions. Their acknowledgements were received, and a Vote put whether or not the Brig should be burned—carried in the negative by a great Majority—notwithstanding this—as there was a

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parcel of people who came resolved to do mischief, it was tho't prudent to sacrifice the Brig to appease them and keep them from something of more value.

Thinking Mr. Stewart might have the Hardiness to endeavor to vindicate his character in the Gazette, four Blackguards, Capt H., Dr. S., R. H. and R chief Coxcomb of our town, went to Mr. Stewart and made him bind himself not to publish an account of his conduct by way of Apology, which he had set about in Hand Bills—and forewarned the printer from publishing anything in his favor at his peril.

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If this is Liberty and this America my motto shall not be 'Libertas et Natale Solum.'

Yrs affectly Grafton Dulany.

"All America," writes Eddis, "is in a flame." To be antagonistic to the popular feeling at that time meant utter rout and discomfiture; it was impossible to resist the torrent of enthusiasm which hourly increased in volume, and the feeling against the Tories increased in the same ratio. Early in 1776 cards were issued by certain members of the "Council of Safety" and distributed to the disaffected citizens of Annapolis, to this effect: "You are hereby ordered to depart from the City to-morrow at 9 o'clock."

This action, however, was not indorsed by the Council itself. The cards were withdrawn and the Tories allowed to remain unmolested in their houses; but very many of them left from choice or principle. Among these were the three sons of Mrs. Dulany. Walter received a commission as captain (afterwards major) in the British Army. Grafton went to the West Indies, and soon after died of yellow fever. Daniel went to England, whence he never returned, but died some years after in London.

The clergy generally came in for a large share of the strong feeling of animosity excited against the government and against the Tories. "The oath of allegiance which bound them to the Government was particularly stringent, and at the Revolution out of forty-five

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parishes in Maryland twenty-eight became vacant. Only twenty-five clergy took the oath of allegiance to the State. The rest who refused to 46 do it surrendered their livings; many of them thus incurring much discomfort and loss. Many of them returned to England, and among these were some of the best men in the church and most devoted to her interests. They came into open collision with the people in the matter of prayers for the King, which, as being part of the regular service in the Prayer Book, they felt pledged not to omit and which the people would not listen to.”

“We get some glimpse,” says Dr. Gambrall, “of the condition of things in the experience of Rev. Mr. Boucher. His parish was in Prince George's county at that time, and here he remained till the bitterness of the times brought things to a climax. This was reached in 1775, when he tells us ‘For more than six months I preached (when I did preach) with a pair of loaded pistols lying on the cushion, having given notice that if any man or men were so lost to all sense of decency as to drag me out of my own pulpit, I should think myself justified before God and man in repelling violence.’

“The eleventh day of May had been appointed a day of fasting and prayer by the Government, and Mr. Boucher let it be known that he would preach in his church. But coming to the church about fifteen minutes before the time for beginning the service, he found that already his Curate, who was a Republican, was in the desk, and that a crowd of men were around the church doors. On attempting to enter, the leader of the people approached him, saying they did not want him to preach. When he replied he would either do it or lose his life. The people, however, did not look upon that as the alternative. In the meantime he had gotten into 47 the church and attempted with a pistol in one hand, and a sermon in the other, to reach the pulpit. But the men were as stubborn as he was, and while respecting him enough not to hurt him, they escorted him out of church and all the way home with music too, though it was by the Filer playing the Rogue's March.”

He, however, was not intimidated, for on the next Sunday he went to church and, though amidst great confusion, preached, his fast-day sermon.

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Dr. Hawks gives the following estimate of Mr. Boucher's character: "Mr. Boucher was no ordinary man. Possessed of a very strong mind, highly improved by cultivation, he exhibited the graces of accomplished scholarship and clothed his thoughts in language alike vigorous and eloquent. His piety was of the good, old-fashioned solid character that exhibited itself in a consistent, Christian life; it was the religion that wears well; he was not wanting in zeal and fervor, but he thought more of holiness of conduct than anything else. We have before us many of his letters, hastily written and in the freedom of affectionate confidence. Not one that might not be published just as it is and do credit to the author's mind. But, what is better yet, every one of them would do greater credit to the writer's heart. It is impossible to read them and not perceive that the writer is an honest man. He formed his opinions calmly, and expressed them frankly and fearlessly. He was opposed to the American War; he was conscientious in his opposition: it cost him all he had in the world. His property was confiscated, his person proscribed, and he was obliged to flee for safety. Yet in these letters there is a beautiful spirit ⁴⁸ of candor and even of kindly feeling towards our country and countrymen. He never lost his interest in either. The Church of America was to the last, in his heart. Strongly attached to the best men among the clergy, he continued his correspondence with them after political convulsions had separated him from them forever. Seabury, Chandler, and White were all his friends, the two former regular correspondents."

The following is an extract from his farewell sermon: "If I am to credit some surmises which have been kindly whispered in my ear, unless I will forbear to pray for the King you are to hear me pray no longer. Distressing, however, as the dilemma confessedly is, it is not one that either requires or will admit of a moment's hesitation. Entertaining all respect for my ordination vows, I am firm in my resolution, whilst I pray at all, to conform to the unmutilated Liturgy of my Church; and reverencing the injunction of the Apostle, I will continue to pray for the 'King and all in authority under him': and I will do so, not only because I am so commanded, but hope 'that (as the Apostle adds) we may continue to

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live quiet and peaceable lives in all Godliness and honesty.' Inclination as well as duty confirms me in this purpose.

"As long as I live, therefore, yes, while I have my being, will I, with Zadok the priest and with Nathan the prophet, proclaim 'God save the King.'"

Mr. Boucher now returned to his native country, where he spent the remainder of his life. In 1784 he was presented with the living of Epsom in Surrey. In 1787 he published a book entitled "A View of the Causes and Consequences 49 of the American Revolution. Thirteen Discourses delivered in North America between the years 1763 and 1775."

This volume is dedicated to General Washington, for whose character he entertained a profound respect. The dedication is too long to insert here, but General Washington made a courteous acknowledgment.

He devoted his literary labors during the last thirteen years of his life to the compilation of a Glossary of Provincial and Archæological Words, which he intended as a supplement to Dr. Johnson. It was purchased after his death by the proprietors of Webster's Dictionary.

Bishop Meade says of him: "This distinguished man was ordained for the parish of Hanover, 1762. He was the intimate friend of Washington, and was selected by him as travelling companion and guide to young Custis, to whom he was tutor while in Annapolis in 1771."

CHAPTER V. A Tory Family during the Revolution. 1774–1783.

IT is interesting to notice the different aspects which events, that in the distance have assumed to us heroic proportions, wore to those who in that day witnessed them with disapproving eyes, as was the case with many Annapolitans of the higher class. Living in the charming society of their exquisite little city, educated in English colleges and enriched by British patronage, they were naturally averse to the subverting of a condition of things

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so entirely satisfactory to themselves. Yet even among those who, when the great struggle became inevitable, sided with the mother-country, there were some who made a manful resistance to the oppressive acts which brought it on—notably Daniel Dulany the younger, whose speeches against the Stamp Acts were admired and commended by Pitt. I do not doubt these men were actuated by higher motives than self-interest, and that their loyalty was genuine to a government which they had been taught to reverence as part of their religion. Certainly their interests, after war had been proclaimed, seemed to be with the country of their birth, where their possessions chiefly lay. Their loyalty to England entailed upon them 51 years of exile, and in many instances the confiscation of their estates.

After the burning of the Peggy Stewart in 1774, the feeling of hostility to the government and to its officers and supporters constantly increased. “The citizens met to form themselves into a company and to select their own officers; and gentlemen of the first fortune took their place among the common soldiers. Still, as late as January, 1776, we find that although Mrs. Dulany had accepted the invitation of the ‘Council of Safety,’ and after the departure of her sons had taken refuge at ‘Epping,’ the home of her daughter, Mrs. Fitzhugh, we find, from her letter to her friend, Mr. Brooke, who appears to have remained in the city, that she considered these as temporary disturbances which by wise action on the part of the Government might still be adjusted.”

We find that “at this period of gloom and general distress balls were prohibited in this place and throughout the province.”

Epping, *Jan.* 18th, 1776.

To James Brooke, Esq.

D'r Sir:

I am much obliged for y'r agreeable Favour. You can't conceive how happy it makes me to hear the most trifling Occurrences which happen among our old Acquaintance.

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I wish it was in my power to afford you as much pleasure but there is so very little Variety amongst us that it is impossible to be Entertaining.

We dined with Mrs. Boyce on New Y'rs Day and with neighbour Gittings a few days agoe and have several invitations, 52 so that we have now and then an Opportunity of tucking a Napkin under our Chin and partaking of a good fat Turkey &c. Venison too we have had I'll assure you! which is more than I could get at Annapolis: and we feasted our neighbours aforesaid upon a fine fat Haunch, last week & any & every one would have taken great Delight in helping you to some of the choice cuts.

You make me very happy by the acct you tell me Dennis gives of my Family. It exactly corresponds with Kitt's but I did suspect hers was partly Puff. Peggy I think is very fantastical but you must know I can't help it. Grafton and Anthony have been on a visit there this month, and I begin to fear they have been lost in some of our waggon ruts. I think we have many here deep enough to swallow man and horse. Wishing you all Health and Happiness,

D'r Sir Yr's sincerely M. Dulany.

Epping, *Feb.* 9th, 1776.

Dear Sir:

As you are so obliging as to say you must be unhappy till you have obtained Pardon for a Neglect which you imagined I imputed to you—but which I never did—I flatter myself I have too much good-nature to be so ready to take amiss anything my particular Friends do, or omit to do, without hearing what they have to say for themselves. And I must say if Becky and I had been so Unreasonable you have amply acquitted y'rself and come off with flying Colours.

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Talking of flying Colours puts me in mind of our Army 53 at Annapolis, and enquiring whether you stand y'r ground or we are to wish you Joy of y'r Rank in the Army. I think Coll. Brooks would sound vastly well, & if I were you I would be nothing else. God bless you! tell me what you and the knowing ones you converse with, think of the Times now? Particularly what of the Ambassadors which are talked of. I have always had Hopes notwithstanding Appearances were so much against us that something might be concerted this Winter, to bring about an Accommodation & think if I was Prime Minister its just the step I sh'd have advised. An Olive Branch in one Hand & if that was rejected, a Force sufficient in the other, to put a final end to the Dispute: which must be better for both parties than the cruel Suspense we have been in so long.

Mollie & her little Majesty are perfectly well. She is really a Surprising child of her Age and Opportunitys. And has a language of her own, which however we all perfectly understand, and is very diverting.

Deliver our loves &c as before & believe me

Yrs Sincerely, M. Dulany, for all.

The following extract is taken from the Gazette:

“On Tuesday, March 5th, 1776, information was received that a man of war and two tenders were coming up the Bay, and the general expectation was that they would be at Annapolis in a few hours. On the 8th, Friday, intelligence was received that the vessels were, the Otter, sloop of war, and two tenders; the Defence however being got ready, Friday 54 night, towed down the river manned with a number of brave fellows, all of whom were Americans in their hearts attended by several smaller vessels crowded with men to assist in case of an engagement. Captain Nicholson of the ‘Defence’ got under way early on Saturday, resolved to take Hudson's ship (a large vessel the Otter had made a prize of) and engage the Otter. The morning was thick and hazy and the ‘Defence’ got nearer

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to them than was expected before they discovered her bearing down upon them. Those on board the tenders seemed much alarmed, and on a signal given more hands were sent by the 'Otter' to assist in rowing them off, which was effected with difficulty leaving 3 or 4 small prizes besides Hudson's ship: all of which fell into the hands of Captain Nicholson, who having manned the prize ship and seeing the 'Otter' get under way clewed up his courses, and prepared for battle: but the 'Otter' having waited two hours at length bore away. Captain N. continued his station some time and having performed his duty in the most gallant manner, returned with his prizes to Baltimore. On Sunday the 'Otter' sloop and her tenders made sail and went down the Bay."

Mrs. Dulany to James Brooke, Esq.

Epping, *March* 14th, 1776.

D'r Sir:

We are exceedingly impatient to hear from Annapolis and whether it is apprehended that the Town is in danger of a Desolation.

Becky sends her man down for Advice, as in that case we should chuse to go down, to secure many things which we left behind, and can by no means Spare. As soon as she heard of the arrival of the Man of War at Baltimore she was for setting off Immediately: but on considering the matter we concluded that if they came on such an Errand, there would have been such a scene of Confusion and Distress that it would have been impossible to do any thing.

I humbly hope there will be no occasion for such an Expedition. We request the Favor of you to give us your opinion whether it would be expedient for us to go down for the aforesaid Purpose.

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The Times grow Critical now: but I please myself that we shall see you arrive ere long amongst us with full Confirmation of all the Good News I am in daily Expectation of hearing.

In the name of all at Epping, Can you procure for us a pound or two of Tea: good green if you can. If not, good Brown Bohea will go down.

Very truly your's Mary Dulany.

Mrs. Thomas Addison was married to Mr. Hanson in 177—. The following letter to her sister, though without date, appears to belong to this period. I presume paper at this time must have been scarce, as it is written on a leaf cut from an old account book:

Sunday Evening.

My dear Kitty:

Fleet comes down for our things. I have ten thousand things to say to you but have not time. I have just returned 56 from Carrs, where we dined with a good round Company. I beseech you my D r Kitty to send my Gowns by Fleet. I really am in heavy distress for them. Here is Mrs. Custis a sweet lovely woman that I am very anxious to be civil to—has lived 2 months within a few miles of me, and I have not been able to see her for want of Cloaths. I met her & that good Sally Allen the other day at Mr. Lee's. Sally promises to come home with me whenever I would fetch her. Dont you think my case is hard.

Betsy Calvert and C Steuart were here about a week. I think if they are not married soon they never will. She does not look long for this world.

Nelly intends up with me. I'm in hopes it will be the last of next week. I enclose a Lock of her Hair. She begs you will have a Cushion & every-thing belonging to it, ready for her against she comes up, & likewise as cheap a Hatt as posible to be genteel. Let us know

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for very good reasons, if Ruffles are wore or not. Love to Mamma & the Chew family & believe me yr very affect

R. Hanson.

Letter from Mrs. Hanson to her brother Walter at New York.

Oxon Hill, Aug. 27th, 1781.

Your letter my dearest Brother gave me the greatest pleasure, as it informed me of your health and that you were come once more into the world, for you really seemed quite out of it at Pensacola. I have long wished for an opportunity of writing to you but they are so seldom to be met with, that I almost despair of getting a letter to you.

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The idea of having what I write pass the inspection of the Public was very disagreeable & I assure you it required not a little Resolution. However rather than suffer you to think for a moment that I am capable of slighting you, I would freely submit to have my letters examined by all the World, hoping that when they had satisfied their Curiosity—as they can be of no value to them—they will be kind enough to let you have them.

I believe that I can begin with nothing that will give you more pleasure than to tell you that we are all well & as happy as the Times—and being separated from so many of our Dearest Ones—will admit of. Mr. & Mrs. Fitz-hugh have been the greatest part of the summer and still are with us. Their three children (with my youngest little Nan Hanson) have been Inoculated for the Small Pox, which they all got over very happily.

I know that you will be happy to hear that my D'r Boys have an exceeding good Tutor at home and are very good and anxious to be clever fellows. They are constantly talking of you. Harry always joins them: he says he remembers you very well. He was a year old when you left him. I'll leave it to you to believe him or not. In case you do not don't be

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uneasy. I think he is not much given to lying—it seems hard he should be the only ignorant one on a subject of such importance, as what “Uncle Watty” would say or do.

Polly has grown a great girl. Some are of opinion she will be tolerably Handsome. Of this I am no judge. I know she is a very good girl which satisfies me. I have said enough about the Brats, I think, and will proceed to 58 give you some account of your acquaintances in this neighborhood.

Your old friend Carr & his Lady are well and have three very fine children. Col. Addison is well and Mrs Addison recovering from a very bad state of health. They have had two children since you left us. Indeed, my dear Walter, the Neighborhood is entirely ruined by the vast number of children that have sprung up among us. There are no less than twenty-two Children just in the families of y'r acquaintances here: and my Watty the eldest. I tell you this that if at any time you should feel a more than common Inclination to be amongst us, only fancy you have ten or a dozen Children hanging about you and thank your stars you are a hundred miles off. . . .

I think it is now time to enquire after my friends in England. I suppose you often have the happiness of hearing from them. Pray write to me by the first Opportunity. I desire that you will be very Particular in your account of my dearest Peggy and her family: and do remember me in the most tender manner to them & my brother when you write: also to Uncle Lloyd and his Lady & Mr. & Mrs. Boucher I beg to be remembered. I sincerely hope they are all well and happy. Please give my love to Uncle Addison and my very respectful compliments to your Good Friend Mr. Garnett,* tho' I have not the pleasure of a Personal Acquaintance with him: he has endeared himself to me forever, & shall ever have my warmest wishes for his happiness.

* Mr. Garnett at the risk of his own life had nursed Grafton Dulany in yellow fever.

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Mr. Hanson desires his love and all the Children beg to be remembered to their “dear Uncle Watty.”

I conclude, wishing you every happiness this world can afford, assuring you that I am and ever shall be

My dearest W., your truly affect. Sister R. Hanson.

To Capt. Walter Dulany.

Examined & allowed Jas. Carleton, Sec.

The following letter from the Rev. Mr. Montgomery gives a little picture of the life of the exiles in London:

London, Oct. 4, 1781.

My dear Madam: I have written to you and the family repeatedly but have never received a line from any of you save a short letter from Mr. Fitzhugh. Thank God we often hear of your welfare. We are particularly happy in being assured that you bear the troubles that have fallen you in these inauspicious times, with that patience and resignation of spirit which ought ever to characterize those who believe in a Providence and the realities of the world to come.

Daniel has not been in town for a considerable time. All friends here without exception, are well. There is scarcely one of them with whom this Country does not agree most wondrously: Mr. Lloyd Dulany in particular looks ten years younger than he did eight years ago & as to Mrs. Dulany, she really does honor to Md. She is quite beautiful & engaging. 60 We have found an acquaintance here both male & female eminently respectable & our situation on the whole is far from uncomfortable. . . .

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God bless you all John Montgomery.

To James Brooke, Esq.

Annapolis, 29th May, 1781.

Dear Sir: Believe me I was truly Rejoiced to hear from you. Indeed it is so long since I had that Satisfaction that I began to fear our good friend was lost to us.

The good news you give me of my Folks adds not a little to my happiness as I have been under great anxiety on that account.

The “lie” of last night was truly dreadful nothing less than an Express said to have been given the Marquis informing that Cornwallis had joined Philips at Fredericksburg. You know I am a piece of a Philosopher, and above being Frightened by such improbable lies. It is said too that he entreats that more men be sent him, as he is in a distressful condition: but its all of a piece: I am determined not to mind it.

I met with a terrible Rebuff on my coming home, and with all my Philosophy have not been able to quiet my mind or keep a steady hand since. I use every Effort to this End, and in time I make no doubt I shall attain all that I have hopes of in this life: a tolerable Tranquillity of mind. This 61 is all that I expect and this I trust the remainder of my life may at least be checquered with.

Remember me to the Dr. & Mrs. Scott. God bless you.

I am dear Sir very since'ly & affect'ly, M. Dulany.

P. S. Kitt has gone to visit y'r flame.

“Kitt” was the only one of her large family remaining with her. Peggy having married the Rev. John Montgomery, had accompanied him to England, where they were now living.

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Mollie, married to Mr. Fitzhugh, was living at Epping, an estate allowed her by Congress in Dulany Valley.

From Mr. Fitzhugh.

Epping, Feb. 22, 1781.

Dear Wat:

How heartily do I join in most earnest wishes for the arrival of that era in which Peace shall restore you to the embraces of your Mother. Mrs. D. being now at Oxon Hill is prevented from writing by this opp't'y. Mrs. D's Headquarters are at Annapolis, but Becky & Molly have required her presence to direct in making caudle so frequently that Epping & Oxon Hill have enjoyed the greatest part of her Company, which her very excellent health & cheerful disposition have combined to render very desireable.

Molly still attends to the Harpsichord though she has been married upwards of six years. She will not acknowledge my right to the merit of it—which is really the case— 62 & I intend to make her play when she is grayheaded if we continue together so long. Kitty is well & sings.

To Capt. Dulany of the Maryland Loyalists, Pensacola.

Mrs. Dulany to her son Walter.

Annapolis, 23 April, 1781.

My dear Watty:

I am exceedingly obliged by your kind attention to me, and I take the Earliest opportunity to assure you that I am and have always been clearly of opinion that going to England as soon may be, is far more Eligible for you than returning to us at present. Many of my

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friends have (with design no doubt to make me happy) told me that I might expect to see you very shortly, but it had a very different effect. Last week a man came from Balt. and told some of my friends he had seen you there the day before. This story was too absurd to be believed for a moment or I should have been Excessively Shocked.

You know I am sure that nothing can possibly give me greater joy than to see you at the proper time which I think is very far from being the case at present—to say the truth if you could come with perfect safety a short visit would by no means satisfy me or any of y'r friends—and as I do suppose it would be infinitely more for your pecuniary advantage to make your appearance with the troops than to go some time hence, my advice is to go by all means unless you have good reason and other advice from other friends who know more of these things than I can do. Pray let me know y'r determination as soon as possible. I pray God to bless & prosper you in all y'r undertakings and this I can say Amen to very fervently knowing my own dear Walter will never embark in any but what are laudable. If I am so happy as to hear of y'r safe arrival in England I shall soon begin to please myself with the hopes of seeing you happily before long, when I hope & have reason to believe that all animosities & distinctions of Whig & Tory will be overthrown. I assure you we are very good-humoured here, & seem well disposed for this desirable event.

For my own part I have been treated in the most friendly manner— by many from whom I had no right to expect any favors—since my return to this place, and were it not for the absence of many dear folks whose society I had long been accustomed to consider essential to me I should be happy as most. That is to say, I enjoy a kind of tranquillity which in my estimation is preferable to high spirits.

You have been informed that I am gay. No, that can never happen till my dear long-lost sheep are restored to me.

I am my dear Y'r most affect Mother M. Dulany.

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P. S. Your kitchen & wash house acquaintances beg to be remembered to you. Sue is very happy in having Tom with you: but my dear I must caution you to beware of Tom: he certainly has been a sly artful rogue & I believe these propensities seldom abate with years without a better basis than I am afraid poor Tom has for his amendment: in short I have no doubt that he possesses those qualities to this day to an eminent degree. Therefore put not much confidence in him—indeed if his only employment be to 64 wait on you in such a place as New York I expect very shortly to hear of his Exaltation. So in charity to him I advise you to hire him out and endeavor to procure a faithful attendant for y'rself.

The address on the back of this letter is Capt. Dulany. The seal appears to have been broken before it reached him, for it is indorsed: "War Office Sep 10th 1781. Examined & allowed. Jos. Carlton Sec."

Mrs. Dulany to her son Capt. Dulany at New York.

My Dear Watty:

About two months ago I wrote you & enclosed letters for y'r brother & Peggy Montgomery, but as I am very apprehensive from the uncertainty of their conveyance that they may not have reached y'r hands, I must again tell you that y'r friends here are all well, and happy in having all our dear little ones just recovered from the small pox.

Fitzhugh's family are all at Oxon Hill, but I hope soon to have them in town, for really Kitty and I are quite overpowered with empty rooms. Need I tell you dear Watt how happy it would make us all if you would be one among us and enliven your own room again—but this will not bear to talk or even think of. God's will be done.

Continue to be as worthy as you always were when I had the happiness of your acquaintance & I have not a doubt but we shall meet & be forever happy in a better world

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from whence we may look down with composure on the idle bustles & contentions of this world.

Kitty will give you an account of Betsy Key's wedding 65 from which we are just returned. It was celebrated at Belvoir where was a large company of us for several days together. You may be sure we all exerted ourselves to be as clever & agreeable as possible and I think we succeeded amazingly well considering the heat of the weather, there was not a frown or a twisted face the whole time. All indeed were truly happy in her fine prospects of happiness with the Gentleman of her choice.

I hope you have gotten our dear Phil* with you before this: if so, give my love to him and congratulate him for me on this occasion.

* Philip Barton Key.

Mrs. Dulany to her son Walter.

Epping, Aug. 7th, 1783.

My dear Watty:

I have received two of y'r dear letters since my arrival here. And as Molly was not prepared for employing me so soon as I expected in the business for which I came—not to be idle—we made use of the interim in marrying up Kitty.

This affair has been long in agitation & I thought it entirely at an end: however as he was the man of her choice (for indeed she has had many offers) & as his prospects must have much mended I consented to it freely & earnestly recommend him to y'r regard as a Brother. From a pretty long acquaintance I have reason to believe he is possessed of an excellent heart which with me is the Summum Bonum. He has been settled in Chestertown but Kitty to whom the Assembly† granted 400 acres of the land at Epping

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† The lands belonging to the Dulanys were confiscated except 400 acres granted to each of the daughters in Baltimore County.

66 chooses to fix here which is a most convincing proof of her love to me as she always had a fixed aversion to the place. Mr. Hanson & Becky & Polly Addison, the Miss Murdocks & Nancy Dulany were our wedding guests: they have all left us.

I am happy to tell you Becky's three boys are put to a worthy clergyman very capable of improving them. I had the most pleasing account from her of his management of them. I hope in a short time matters may be so adjusted as to make it practicable to send them where you wish. Your anxiety about them discovers you to be my own dear Wat still; notwithstanding the dissipated life you necessarily must have led, it has not had any of the ill effects which might have been feared. "De chile" just comes in to desire her love & compliments to her uncle & desires me to tell you she can read a little & spell very well and that her aunt Kitty began yesterday to teach her her notes on the Spinnet & she hopes to be able to play y'r favorite March by the time you come home. Will is a fine rustical boy, & y'r namesake every one says as like you as he can State & the sweetest prattler I ever knew. Oh, how I long to have you partake of our Domestic felicity.

With the most fervent prayers for y'r felicity here & hereafter & a happy meeting somewhere dear Watt Y'r affect Mother

Dulany Manor contained 20,000 acres. That part of the estate inherited by Walter Dulany lay in Baltimore county, and is still known as Dulany Valley. It included 5000 acres. His sons being loyalists and in arms against the 67 colonial government, their property was confiscated; but his brother Dennis, who died unmarried at the opening of the war, left his entire estate to his sister-in-law, Mary Grafton Dulany, and Congress allowed 400 acres to each of her three daughters who remained in this country.

Annapolis, 23 *April*, 1783.

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My dear Wat:

. . .Thursday our races begin and Kitty has just gone off in a superb Phaeton & four with a very flaming beau to the ground. I don't know his name. Yesterday was his first appearance with our infinity of French Beaux all of whom are very gallant. Anthony did not reach here till last night and he & Cart breakfasted with us to-day. They too are gone to see the race & I stayed at home to give you my advice.

We have a dismal set of players too who will act every night of this joyous week.

To-morrow we celebrate Peace. I hear there is to be a grand dinner on Squire Carroll's Point, a whole ox to be roasted & I can't tell how many sheep & calves besides a world of other things. Liquor in proportion. The whole to conclude with illuminations & squibs &c. I had liked to have forgot to mention the Ball which I think had better be postponed. I am horribly afraid our gentlemen will have lighter heads than heels. I think to keep myself snug at home & pray no mischief may happen & for Kitt's safe return from the Ball. By Toney I heard that all were well at Epping, and by Carr the same agreeable intelligence from Potomack. I have more reason than Swift had to wish 68 that I could "split my worship's self in twain." I have often been fantastical enough to wish for Wings & now I have more occasion for them than ever. If I could have attained this Perfection I should have had frequent tete-a-tetes with you I assure you: but "I can't get out" says the starling. One thing I am perfectly clear in: If I should escape out of this cage of flesh before my children return to me, I shall see them & hover round them wherever they are & sure I am that eye hath not seen more joy than I should feel on beholding them steadily adhering to those virtuous principles which were instilled into them in their infancy & so strongly enforced by the precept & example of their most excellent father—allways bearing in mind that the least deviation from virtue is a step in vice. I have been so delighted with this thought that I have sometimes wished, earnestly wished for its accomplishment.

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Now don't be alarmed & conclude I am tired of life or impatient at the rubs of the world: these are merely flights of Fancy which I would not be debarred from for any earthly felicity: there cannot be any harm in them.

The shoes &c came very opportunely for Kitty, just two days before our gaiety commences. They are very pretty. You must accept her thanks thro' me, as she is entirely taken up at present & will be for several days. Be pleased to accept my thanks for the very pretty handkerchief. I'll wear it & think of you.

I am my dear War Y'r affect. Mother M. Dulany.

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From Major Walter Dulany to his sister Mrs. Fitzhugh.

London, Aug. 8th, 1784.

My dear Sister:

To you I must confess myself indebted a letter. The one I sent being of a nature that made it truly distressing to receive—I mean the account of Mrs. Bouchers death.

I think I promised a description of this place, but my inability to perform this task is one reason for my silence. I believe there are few men in London who have lived so long in it as I have that know so little of the place. I have been to no public amusements but the Plays & to very few of them. I must confess I was disappointed at the first I went to for though there were some of the performers who answered the highest expectations, there were others below mediocrity, and I must agree with those who assert that some of Douglass's Company might be introduced to advantage.

There is a Mrs. Siddons, whose fame I dont doubt has reached Maryland, who does every part she undertakes with wonderful exactness. She so well assumes the character that

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one might easily mistake it for reality, did not the awkward figures around her put us in mind that they are only acting. Though I have seen little of this place I venture to pass one opinion upon it, that it must be of all others the most delightful for an unconnected man in easy circumstances. There is nothing one can wish or want that is not to be had for money, nor as far as I can see, any-thing without it. Could I have spent one year or two here in a suit able way I should have been pleased with it, but for permanently settling, no country can ever be so agreeable to me, as that where the chief of my connexions lay. When a man is gay—general acquaintances are pleasant to him, but it is in the conversation of his intimate friends that are dear to him alone, that any solid satisfaction is to be found. When a man has been buffeting about in the world and had an opportunity of observing the characters of mankind, he does not so easily give up his heart to every agreeable person he meets with, without which there is little pleasure in society. I spend the greatest part of my time at Mr. Montgomerys, with my brother and such of my American acquaintances as are here. Unfortunately for me Mr. & Mrs. M. & Mrs. Dulany are all out of town just now. The two former are gone to bathe their little girl—& Mrs. Lloyd Dulany with some ladies to Brighthelmstone, a very fashionable watering place. She is a most charming woman & her company is peculiarly delightful to me.

This letter is favored by Mr. Chase, whom I waited on to consult him on the propriety of my return. He advises it by all means but of this more in my letter to my mother. My best love to Mr. Fitzhugh and my dear little nephews & nieces & compliments to all friends and acquaintances.

My dear sister y'r most truly affect Walt. Dulany.

PART OF A PRAYER

Found among the papers of Maj. Walter Dulany and written after his return to America at the close of the war.

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"I return Thee O Most Merciful & Gracious Father, my 71 most humble and hearty thanks for all Thy Goodness and Loving Kindness to us and to our families—both in the evils we have escaped through Thy Kind and Providential care—and in the blessings which Thou hast hitherto been pleased to vouchsafe to our ever dear Mother. I pray Thee to grant her, an increase and long continuance of them both Keep her from the infirmities of old age and grant that she may pass through this world Thy faithful servant, in health and contentment and in the enjoyment of all the felicity it is capable of affording and go into Everlasting Bliss in the world to come.

I return Thee thanks for the support Thou was pleased to afford us whilst thrown upon the bounty of strangers and the mercy of enemies; for the signal aid Thou didst vouchsafe us whilst struggling with innumerable difficulties and embarrassments, and for the ample provisions of the gifts of this world, and I pray Thee so to guide us that the whole of our conduct both in the manner of obtaining, and the manner of using, the gifts of fortune, may be truly exemplary and unexceptionable."

CHAPTER VI. School Life in England. 1784–1789.

IN August, 1784, Walter D. Addison and his two brothers, with their cousin, John Carr, set sail for London; but before leaving America they went to Annapolis to bid adieu to their grandmother, who entrusted to them the following letter to their uncle, Major Dulany:

Aug. 8th, 1784.

My dear Watt

I earnestly pray that you may receive this safe at the hands of your Nephews, whom I am sure you will be rejoiced to see. I know you have long wished to have them in England, & this is as soon as it could possibly be accomplished. You will hear from the "Potomackers" by the boys. They are now on a Visit to me, to take leave, which goes a little hard with me.

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As I am to lose them in a day or two, I am fond of having as much of their Company as I can. You must therefore excuse a short letter. Kitty left me three days ago with her Husband & a smart little boy I'll assure you. They are gone to settle at Epping. I hope this same Husband & child will furnish her with sufficient employment to reconcile 73 her to her Exilement, for such she will consider it at Present. I shall be at a great loss for her.

God bless you dear Watt.

M. Dulany

"In August, 1784, they embarked (writes my uncle) at Alexandria, in a ship bound for London, where they arrived after a passage of ninety days. The Rev. Jonathan Boucher received them under his care, and exercised the most parental supervision over them while they remained in England. He had been married to their aunt, Eleanor Addison, but was at this time a widower. The boys looked rather outré in their American-made garments,* and to spare them the ridicule of the London boys, they were taken to a tailor's establishment and rigged out in suitable apparel. They were placed at a classical school at Greenwich, where they continued till 1787. At this school an East Indian, a violent young man, much his senior in years and superior in strength, alluded to

* At the close of the war there was a great effort made to encourage home manufactures and to check the importation of cloth. Mr. Fitzhugh, writing in 1779 to a friend on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, in favor of home-made cloth, says: "Our all now depends on our industry and frugality. Till the Stamp Act made its appearance there was scarcely anything from England which was not admired and imitated, even the most absurd fashions, but now the case has been altered and reversed." English cloth was therefore hard to get, and English fashions were no longer the rule: so that the little country boys were left to get their outfit in London, and no doubt looked very quaint in their homespun garments. Everything which marked them as Americans was calculated at that time to

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make them unpopular with English boys, and it was therefore quite important that their dress should not be remarkable.

74 the “wilderness” from which the young Addisons came, and the uncouth character of its citizens. Being of a hot and impetuous disposition, Walter turned on him and told him that such a sarcasm ill became one whose complexion and hair proclaimed him a savage. The Hindostanee, in a rage, made an assault upon him, and a fierce and most unequal battle would have ensued but for the interposition of a youth his superior in strength and courage.”

The following account of this period of his life is given in Mr. Addison's own words:

“We were removed to Epsom, a village about fifteen miles from London, that we might be under the more immediate charge of our uncle (who was Rector of this Parish), and placed under the tuition of the Rev. Joseph Golding, his Curate. Here a new scene presented itself. The school consisted only of four boys: John Carr, the son of my guardian, my two brothers, and myself. Here we were beyond the contagion of evil company. Mr. Golding was a man of high literary attainments and most exalted piety.

“With all these advantages, I am sorry to add, more than a year elapsed before any serious or lasting impressions were made upon my mind in relation to Eternal things.

“In 1788 my uncle requested us to make a Catalogue of his Library. In preparing it we were obliged to use a ladder to reach the upper shelves. From it I had a fall, which occasioned me severe injuries which confined me to my couch for a considerable time.”

(“While suffering from this accident,” says his son, Dr. E. B. A., “a letter came from Oxon Hill telling of the death of Mr. Olney, the old gardener. This intelligence made a 75 strong impression on his mind, and the image of the man in the habiliments of the grave was often before him.”)

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"In my solitary moments most serious thoughts were awakened in my mind: deep remorse and strong conviction of my former sins seized upon me. Death, the King of Terrors, appeared to me and tormented me with the most excruciating fears. While in the midst of this distress I was awakened to a sense of Divine things by a remarkable dream.

"I dreamt that I was on my way to the Doctor's to consult him about my foot, and as I went I found the road rough & miry.

"Two females vested in white appeared on the roadside, who addressed themselves the one to the other in these words: 'Poor fellow, he is going to a sorry Physician: he must look to Jesus and the word of God—there he will find relief.'"

Immediately on waking he aroused young Carr, who was sleeping with him, and requested him to procure him a Testament from the adjoining room. "I opened it (he says) and found therein light & comfort. From this time I betook myself to prayer & sacred reading. These brought Peace & joy, where before all was darkness & wretchedness.

"My friend & tutor, Mr. Golding, lost no time in advising me as to the course I ought to pursue, and most thankful am I to Almighty God that in his mercy he bestowed upon me so warm, steadfast & excellent a friend.

"After the lapse of about two years we removed to London to complete our education under Dr. Barrow.

"Previous to my departure Mr. Golding warned me of 76 the many trials & temptations to which I should be subjected, and that persecutions also must await me. The truth of all this I experienced on reaching Soho Square, where a few days after my arrival in London I was regularly entered as a pupil. This school was a large one, there being from fifty to seventy scholars, many of them young men. Dr. Barrow was kind enough to furnish me with a room which was quite retired. Before the lapse of many days, three young gentlemen called on me, and very politely invited me to join them in their evening amusements of

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eating, drinking & card playing. They pressed me to unite with them, & upon my declining they insisted. I continued to refuse most positively. They urged the matter more & more, but I remained decided & firm in my purpose. Finding invitations & persuasion ineffectual, they sought to accomplish their purpose by threats & violence and assured me that they would force me into participation in their entertainments. I told them that I despised the character of a tale-bearer, and I would not report their habits to the master unless driven to do so by them; but that if they dared attempt violence to my person I would be coerced to do so. I told them moreover that I believed the Bible to be the word of God, and that by his Grace I would make it the rule of my life. The threatened exposure produced the effect I designed it to have, and they left me to my retirement with these words: 'After all this Cant & your Puritanical notions we must bid you Adieu.'

"It was a custom in England to distribute Religious tracts at the doors of the Theaters, and one or more of these young gentlemen had been furnished with one on the occasion 77 of their visits there. Upon one of these they wrote: 'Preached by the Rev'd W. D. Addison.' This they presented to me in the face of the whole school just as I was preparing to go through a recitation. Upon casting my eye over the first page of it I turned to the donor & thanked him for his present. Upon which he retired. The subject of the tract was Death: and in it was contrasted the death-bed of the saint and the sinner. It was well calculated to strengthen me against future persecutions. Amidst the trials & temptations of that large city, daily prayer & sacred reading preserved me."

In London they had found many friends and relations: among them their uncle, Major Walter Dulany, whom the war had brought to England. Indeed, there was at the time in London quite a little society of Tory refugees whom the war had driven from their country.

The boys were most kindly received by all, and especially by their aunt, Mrs. Montgomery, and their great-uncle, Rev. Henry Addison. At the house of Mrs. Montgomery they frequently met their uncle, Major Dulany, and the beautiful Mrs. Lloyd Dulany, whose beauty and sorrows made a deep impression upon Walter's heart. Her wedding to her

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second husband, Major Dulany, took place in St. George's Chapel, where they were married by the Bishop of London.

My grandfather's narrative continues:

"My brother John & myself, after remaining about six months with Dr. Barrow, embarked at Gravesend for America. It was late in the summer of 1789 that we bade farewell to the shores of Gt. Britain, leaving Thomas to pursue his studies—especially of Hebrew.

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"The ship had not proceeded many leagues on its voyage before my attention was attracted to the mate, who seemed in a profound melancholy. His apparent distress inspired me with great compassion for him & I attempted to comfort him by passages from the Holy Scriptures—by which I myself had been comforted. I persisted in this course for some time & at length began to believe that his mind was receiving religious impressions. On my going on Deck one day, I was astonished by his presenting me a book, and accosting me in this wise: 'Young man, you have been very attentive to me and in return I have something to offer you.' After a short examination of it I discovered that it was a foul composition of vulgar, dirty songs. I immediately threw it into the sea, upbraiding him with words to this effect: 'I, sir, have endeavored to render you the greatest possible service, and you in return have sought to poison my mind; and I have treated your book as it deserves.' A most violent rage took possession of him. His furious noise brought the Captain to the deck. The mate cried out to him: 'Do you think this stripling has not thrown the Ship's Book overboard.' At this the Captain became equally enraged, although I informed him of the circumstances under which it was done, and said he would throw my books into the sea. I replied that if he did I would certainly throw his after them. To which he rejoined: 'And if you do, you shall certainly follow them.' By this time the passengers made their appearance on the deck. My brother John, who possessed a lion-heart, was with much difficulty prevented from making a personal attack on the Captain. Having taken boxing lessons in London, he thought he could manage both Captain 79 and

mate. Mr. Nichols inquired of me the cause, and being informed, he said to the Captain: 'Sir, I consider this young gentleman as under my care: you have acted extremely amiss, and immediately on reaching the American shores I will prosecute you for it in a Court of Justice.' This subdued the Captain: all things were restored to peace and good order, and on leaving the Ship we all separated good friends.

"To Almighty God I owe everything. By his preventing and assisting grace I have been protected thus far in my life, and by the same Divine assistance through Christ my Mediator and Redeemer, I trust I shall be sustained through my remaining days.

"Although the ship was bound to Baltimore, the Captain was kind enough to land us at Annapolis."

CHAPTER VII. Return to Annapolis. 1789.

THE travelers probably landed at the foot of their grandmother's own garden, for it extended to the water's edge. Here a warm welcome awaited them. To their great delight they found the old lady in excellent health and spirits, and that her son, their uncle Walter, and his lovely wife were living with her. Their mother, no doubt, with Col. Hanson, soon completed the party, and one can readily imagine with what joyful greetings she received her "boys," now returned to her, fine, manly fellows, accomplished, and handsome as well, for her son John was considered one of the handsomest men of his day, and my grandfather must have been fine-looking, for even in his old age and after he was blind there was something in his appearance which greatly impressed my childish fancy.

"In Annapolis," he says, "I found an enlightened and polished society, and I made up my mind to remain there, and shortly after took lodgings in that city. Here a new scene awaited me. My many friends gave me a cordial reception, which was partially testified by numerous invitations to entertainments which were tendered me."

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"My father," writes Dr. Addison, "gave me an amusing account of his first entry into this brilliant circle very soon after their arrival. My uncle John and himself were invited to an evening party. After dinner, as was his wont, he took an airing in the riding costume of an English gentleman which he had brought with him from England. It consisted of small clothes of yellow buckskin, blue coat, red cassimere vest, and fine top-boots. Of this swell costume he appears to have been vain, and on his return he did not disrobe, but presented himself in this trim to an astonished assembly of elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen. He had not anticipated such a scene (which equalled anything he had seen in London), and thought he could dress as he pleased. Great was his dismay and confusion. He was met at the door by his Grandmamma Dulany in highly offended dignity. 'What do you mean, Walter, by such an exhibition? Go immediately home to your room and return in a befitting dress.' And he was very glad to go, and soon returned in silk stockings, embroidered vest, &c. He told me of his great astonishment at the splendor of the ladies' dresses, and the adornments of the apartments."

At first he entered without misgiving, and with all the abandon of a youth just emancipated from study, into the hospitalities and gaities of this brilliant little society. For dancing, he tells us, he had a passion, and he now found abundant opportunity of indulging it. He soon, however, discovered that he was becoming too much absorbed by the social attractions which surrounded him, and he began to feel that this life of pleasure was out of harmony with the higher life which he had deliberately chosen for himself, and 82 that a poison lay beneath these attractive shows. Although these enjoyments were not condemned by any of the friends whose opinion he valued, not even by the grandmother he venerated, he soon began to regard them with suspicion and to question their true character. This smiling World which held out its hands to him in such friendly greeting, and whose approval his grandmother evidently desired for him, could it be a subtle enemy in fair disguise? Was this the "World" which at confirmation he had promised to renounce, and which the sign of the cross, with which he had been sealed at baptism, had pledged him "to fight manfully against"?

He says: "I little knew how dangerous were these pleasures, but they soon exposed to me their true character, for they proved more subtle temptations than the ridicule of my schoolmates in England: even more formidable than the threats of Dr. Barrow's scholars. I must have fallen a victim to these enticing pleasures had it not been for daily prayer and sacred reading. The society of young men I found it necessary to quit, and in that of the virtuous fair I took refuge. Next to religion, I consider the company of estimable ladies the best safeguard that the youth of our sex can have."

His views of society as he saw it, and of the Church as he found it, during his sojourn in Annapolis, undoubtedly gave a strong bent to his future career. Earnest and true, with a natural propensity to think for himself, he saw clearly and at once the discrepancy between the Christian life around him and the professed Christian standards of the Bible and Prayer Book.

MRS. HESSELIUS. Painted by her husband, John Hesselius. From a picture in the possession of Mrs. Commodore Ridgely.

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Though his friends thought differently, he could see his duty in no other light, and what he clearly saw to be right, that through life he persistently followed. However others might regard worldly amusements, he felt that they were lowering the tone of his spiritual life, and he at once turned his back upon them, resolved nevermore to "follow or be led by them." This sacrifice, however, cost him a severe struggle. It was not merely the giving up of the enjoyments of society, but his refusal to join in the youthful gaieties around him was disapproved by his friends and resented by his young companions. To a young man of great modesty the position was a very trying one. Still he remained inflexible in his determination. The more he thought of these things the more full of wonder he became that other Christians saw them so differently, and more especially did it seem strange that the clergy whom he met should often be foremost in scenes which seemed to him so unworthy of their sacred calling. The card-table, the ball-room and the theater were

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all sanctioned by their presence, He betook himself to the Bible and Prayer Book, and became more and more established in his decision, although his views were opposed to the opinions and practice of many whom he respected.

“While I remained in Annapolis,” he continues, “I spent my mornings in study, and my evenings in the society of ladies. While there I became acquainted with an elderly lady (a Mrs. Hesselius) who lived near the city. She was a woman of exalted piety, and vigorous and accomplished mind, and I found great pleasure and advantage in her society and visited her often.”

Such a friend at this crisis of his life was indeed an inestimable blessing to him, and I doubt not it was in a measure through her influence that he determined to study for the ministry and to devote his life to the service of the Episcopal Church of America, at that time in sore need of earnest and faithful ministers.

Primrose, or Primrose Hill, the residence of Mrs. Hesselius, was a retired spot about two miles from the city; a little apart, therefore, from its fashions and gaieties. This estate was purchased by her father, Richard Young, and dying soon after, in 1748, he left it to her, his only child. Bishop Henshaw, in a sketch which he wrote for the “Religious Magazine,” says: “At this time her mind became deeply impressed with religious truth; though not having the clear views of salvation by grace which she afterwards attained, yet there is good cause for believing that even at this early age (thirteen) she was made a new creature in the Lord Jesus Christ.”

At fifteen she married Mr. Henry Woodward, a most amiable gentleman and the object of her choice. Possessed of fortune, a high position, and of every personal charm, she yet counted all these gifts but dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord.

When only twenty-two, her husband died, leaving her with a large though somewhat embarrassed estate, besides the care of four daughters. This heartrending blow filled her

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with the deepest melancholy. While in this state of mind she had an opportunity of hearing the great Whitfield. His trumpet-tones aroused her from the state of depression into which she had fallen. It was the first truly Gospel sermon to which she had ever listened. A new light broke on her mind, she received the glad tidings which he brought with joy and thankfulness, and until death cherished a grateful remembrance of him. Nevertheless she remained perfectly loyal to her own church, looking with confidence for its regeneration.

“At this time the name of ‘Methodist’ was a reproach among the thoughtless and irreligious of the community, and the Methodists were also generally stigmatized by the Clergy, to whom their zeal and earnestness were a reproach. They were excluded from the pulpits of even the better class, and were without a place to meet together in His Name whom they professed to serve.”

“Mrs. Woodward made them welcome to Primrose, and their services were often held there. Deeply attached to her own church, she beheld with grief its low estate, and while she welcomed these servants of God, who came preaching the pure Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ in its simplicity and fulness, she believed that they were sent as messengers of God to the Episcopal Church to arouse His people from their slumber and awaken them to a higher life.”

But as the Methodists met with ridicule and opposition from a class of people “always ready to resent any signs of an aspiration higher than their own, or any example of a better life, which they rightly regard as a rebuke,” so she, by her course in the matter, shared in the condemnation meted out to her friends. She was called a “Methodist.” Several of her most intimate friends, particularly her son-in-law, Philip Rogers, Esq., and Mrs. Prudence Gough, of Perry Hall, connected themselves with that society; but when the Methodists finally separated themselves from the Church she remained true to the Church of her fathers.

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In the year 1763, January 30th, Mrs. Woodward married Mr. John Hesselius, an artist of some distinction in the colony. He was the son of Samuel Hesselius, "Missionary" and Doctor of Philosophy, whose record we have already noticed. Mr. Hesselius was born in this country, but studied in England under Sir Godfrey Kneller. He returned to America in company with his friend "Wirtmuller," and the two young artists found ample employment among the prominent families in Maryland and Virginia, where many of their portraits are still to be seen. As a touching tribute to their friendship, Wirtmuller, who survived him some years, left all his property to Hesselius' children. I found the following letter from him among the collection of autograph letters in the Episcopal Library:

June 26 th, 1755.

To Mr. Callister.

Dear Sir:

I have been so hurried in my affairs since I came here—and now since the death of my dear Father, that I hope you will excuse my seeming neglect in not writing before. My being left executor of my Father's estate has obliged me to remain and to stay much longer in Philadelphia than I desired, but I hope in a fortnight more, I shall be moving down to Virginia, and as soon as I can dispatch the business I have on hand there I intend to come to Maryland, where I have already left my heart."

A copy of the "Whole Duty of Man," presented to John Hesselius by his friend the Rev. Henry Addison in 1775, was 87 picked up some years ago in an old curiosity shop and presented to me by a friend. Some of the prayers which are for private use are slightly altered with a pen, to adapt them to family worship. After his marriage to Mrs. Woodward they resided at Bellefield, an estate which belonged to him on the Severn river (and which was afterwards the residence of Commodore Ballard). There he is buried. After his death Mrs. Hesselius returned to Primrose.

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"To those whose memories can go back to the times of which we are speaking," writes Bishop Henshaw, "it is unnecessary to say that the state of the Episcopal Church in Maryland was such as to excite lamentations and mourning in every pious bosom; when the associates of profligate noblemen, men who loved good livings better than good lives, were sent as ministers of Him whom they served not. Though all her 'gates were desolate,' Mrs. Hesselius remained steadfast in hope that the 'Daughter of Zion would arise and shake herself from the dust'; and, oh, with what joy and gratitude did she contemplate during the last days of her existence the fulfilment of a hope she had so long and fondly cherished."

Here, then, young Mr. Addison found a most congenial companion, and many were the conversations they held on the subjects nearest to their hearts. His youthful enthusiasm was no doubt refreshing to her spirit, and her large experience in the world, as well as in spiritual things, made her a valuable counsellor at this important period of his life, for, probably, it was about this time that his resolution to enter the ministry was first taken.

The condition of the Church and the sore need that there 88 was at that time for true and faithful men to fill her pulpits and to assist in organizing (out of the confusion and decay into which the Church of England had fallen), a new and living Episcopal Church of America, must have appealed loudly to this youthful soldier of Christ. There were at that time no theological seminaries, where students might have the advantage of pursuing their sacred studies under the direction of wise and learned men. There were, however, in the Church, libraries which had been sent out by Dr. Bray, and afterwards increased by Mr. Boucher, and the largest of these was in Annapolis: These books Mr. Addison, of course, had access to. He was a good classical scholar, and from the fact that his youngest brother Thomas remained in England to "continue his Hebrew," I suppose he also had some knowledge of that language. The Rev. Mr. Higginbotham no doubt directed his studies, but his theological advantages, compared with those enjoyed by the divinity students of the present day, must have been small, and Bishop Johns' stricture, that he

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was in after years more distinguished for his piety than for his theological learning, was undoubtedly true. Under the most favorable circumstances, practical Christianity would have more appealed to the character of his mind than the subtle questions of theology, and at this time the pressing need of the Church was not for theologians, but for living and earnest men to preach and to exemplify the vivifying truths of the Gospel, and thus to counteract the work of the licentious and venal men who, in the time of the last Proprietor, had been appointed to feed this little flock in the wilderness; men of courage and force, not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, and who were prepared 89 to fight manfully under His banner against the world, the flesh and the devil.

His reputation as a theologian would have been indeed high if it had exceeded his character as a Christian! We have, however, the testimony of his children to the fact that he was always a hard student.

Like Bishop Wilberforce, he might be said to have had the “courage of his convictions and never to have swerved to the right hand or to the left when he believed that he was in the way of righteousness, however rough and steep”; and if, in some of his impetuous assaults upon the vices of the day he may have exceeded the bounds of a wise prudence, it was only natural in a man who, fearing God with all his heart, was insensible to the fear of man.

Before entering on the ministry, but probably after his resolution to do so was irrevocably formed, he appears, in preparation for it, to have divested himself of the incumbrance of a good deal of superfluous wealth. As my uncle states that “he was by nature inclined to husband his resources,” I cannot but think that this laying aside of his possessions was deliberately and conscientiously done; and had it not been for his subsequent engagement to Miss Hesselius, which may have modified his views as to his right to divest himself of his property, he would probably have gone to a still greater length in lightening the burden of his worldly cares, so that he might more entirely give himself to the race set before him.

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Owing to the mismanagement of his stepfather, his mother's estate had become seriously embarrassed, and to her he presented "Hart Park," comprising about four hundred 90 acres. To an uncle, whose property had also become embarrassed, he released a bond of seventeen hundred pounds, and to a brother born after his father's death, and for whom no adequate provision had been made, he gave 500 acres from the Oxon Hill estate. In addition to this, he refused to prosecute his claim to a large property in England, which was afterwards outlawed. A gentleman, returning from England many years after, informed him of his claim, thinking that he was ignorant of its existence. He replied that when he could have recovered it without difficulty he had made no effort to assert his rights, because he thought that he possessed as much property as was desirable; that perhaps if life were to be lived over he might act differently, but it was too late to think about it, as it could now only be reclaimed at an enormous expense. My grandfather's engagement to Miss Hesselius, and the date fixed for his marriage, are alluded to in the following letter from Mary Grafton Dulany:

Mrs. Dulany to Miss Fitzhugh, after the death of Mrs. Fitzhugh.

Annapolis, 30th April, 1792.

My Dearest Polly:

I have long wished to write to you—but writing has of late appeared to be a task almost insurmountable—however I am determined to conquer these feelings as much as possible for the sake of my darling children who are anxious to hear from me.

With respect to those who are taken from us, who have regularly adhered to their duty, I look upon it that they are highly favored in being snatched from their troubles here, to meet their reward at an early period—I can truly say that I have long wished that I had been deemed worthy of such a translation—& my earnest prayers I find necessary to preserve my wishes from being too sanguine—at my advanced age this must be natural

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my D r but I hope that you & all my darling children may be long without cause for these sensations. While I am writing to you my heart overflows with love & tenderness, & I long to clasp you to my bosom—but I fear it must be some time first—

Your Cousin Walter goes up on purpose for a visit, which I hope will be agreeable to you all—he is truly one of the best of human beings—his happy day is fixed for the fifth of June—She is a very clever & a very good Girl, it is a most agreeable family connection & there is great reason to hope that it will be an happy union.

If anything is stirring amongst us in town he knows a great deal more about these things than I do & he will inform you—Remember me in the most affectionate manner to your D r Father & all my children—God bless them—I feel I am sure a truly maternal affection for him & fervently pray for the felicity of him & his.

I pray God bless you all.

Your most affec't Grandmother M. Dulany.

CHAPTER VIII. His Marriage and the Young Ladies of the Period. 1789–1793.

AS he became afterwards still more intimately connected with Mrs. Hesselius, and as my uncle, in his “Recollections,” seems to take the greatest delight in dwelling on her character, which, says her biographer, Bishop Henshaw, “shed the cheering light of an almost spotless example throughout a widely extended circle for more than half a century,” I will add the following sketch from the pen of her grandson:

“My grandmother Hesselius was a very remarkable and very elegant woman: remarkable both for her talents and understanding. Her father, Richard Young, was a gentleman of fortune and resided on an estate in Calvert Co. A short time before his death he removed to Primrose Hill, near Annapolis. From the literary tastes and pursuits of my grandmother, I presume that her father was a gentleman of finished education, who spared no pains

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in the education of his only child. Good schools for young ladies were very rare in this country at that time, and I have never heard that she was sent abroad. I have heard her called the Hannah More of America, and I doubt not in similar circumstances she might have been equal to that eminent lady. My grandmother

BETSY AND CHARLOTTE HESSELIUS. Painted by their father, John Hesselius.

93 was lovely in age and must have been very beautiful in youth. Her head and face were perfectly classical, eyes soft in expression, of an azure tint, a nose that Praxitiles would have rejoiced to copy, and a profusion of hair, though silvered by time.

“Her children and her grandchildren loved her dearly. Everybody loved her. How well I remember the dignity of her character and the unbounded respect in which she was held! In her presence all seemed to be on their good behaviour, but at the same time cheerful and happy; disputes or angry words were never heard in her presence, nor was all this harmony produced from other fear than the fear of offending one that we loved. Each night around the old armchair a happy group would assemble, and when conversation flagged, some good book would be taken up, and one of the party would read therefrom while the rest would ply the needle.”

But her own sketch of the Primrose household, written for her younger daughters in 1788, and entitled “The Family Picture,” is still more graphic. The poem is too long to be copied here entire, but it presents such a picture of the manners, occupations and even dress of the “young lady of the period” that I will make large extracts from it.

THE FAMILY PICTURE.

The evening was frosty, the wind at northwest, The beasts had sought shelter, the birds were at rest. Brisk Bob on the tables the candles had placed, And locked all the doors and the windows made fast. The fire was clear and the hearth was quite clean, And asleep on the carpet Grimalkin was seen.

At the head of the circle I'd taken my place, While ease and good-humor appeared in each face. As a knowledge of self is a knowledge too rare, I proposed to the girls, that with caution and care, Each character I with precision should draw, Each excellence mark and expose every flaw. My plan was approved. Next my muse I invoke, And summon fair truth to appear at each stroke. . . . See Harriet appears. Some say she's too grave, but I think not at all, Though she never exhibits at play or at ball. Like the low, humble violet, content with the shade, Nor envies the tulip its gaudy parade; She fixes on virtue true pleasure to find, And studies no graces but those of the mind.

Miss Charlotte comes next; but what shall I say? 'Tis hard such strange features as hers to portray; Not that Nature, herself, has refused to be kind, Or stamped her displeasure on person or mind. Now assist me, kind genius, and aid my design, While I try of this portrait to sketch the outline. Good-humored but thoughtless, she can't be called vain, Though she loves a craped head and is fond of a train. In the morning her features she will not expose, For the flounce of her cap almost covers her nose. Her handkerchief's crimped and quite up to her chin, But generally partial for want of a pin. When dressed, still her head has a great deal of trash on; If her gown is pinned crooked, it's made in the fashion. To tamboour on crape she has a great passion, Because here of late it has been much the fashion; But for want of due care the crape has got tattered, The shades are dis-sorted, the spangles are scattered. Too thoughtless for conquest, too careless to please, No ambition she knows but to live at her ease. To load one's poor brain with dull care is quite silly: 95 If she wants but her thimble she calls out for Milly. Unconscious, she dreads not the tongues of her sex: Being unused to slander, she never suspects. She hates defamation. To give her her due, She's gentle to all; in her friendships most true.

Young Caroline next in the circle is seen; Though large in her stature, she's not yet fifteen. She, too, loves the fashion and dress without measure; A new gown's a delight, a new cap is a treasure. Not idle or careless, to give her her due, What she thinks is her interest

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she'll strive to pursue. Loves to tambour on muslin as misers love pelf, Sometimes for her friends, but much more for herself. Not unpleasing her manners, her person is nice, But how shall I tell you she scorns all advice? The pianoforte she touches with skill, And manages "Nicolia" quite at her will. But though music and neatness together unite, Her frown often puts all the graces to flight.

The next is Eliza, the child of my care, Whom I nursed with devotion and fancied her fair. What pleasing delight in my bosom I found When she sat on my knee or perhaps played around. I've surveyed, with the eye of a parent, each grace That sat on her form or that played in her face; Her eye that spoke softness, her lovely brown hair, And skin that to lilies might justly compare. I viewed all with rapture, but more when I'd see Her tender affections were fixed upon me. To go or to come, to run or stand still, She ever was pleased to attend on my will. Oh, have you ne'er, after beautiful morn, Seen the clouds gather blackness, the sunbeams withdrawn, Each flower then languish, their beauty decay? So vanish my prospects, my hopes fade away.

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(For, alas! poor Betsey had fallen into a bad habit of stooping, was negligent of her appearance generally, and when reproved was inclined to be pert to her mamma, who, I am afraid, had spoiled her sadly.)

When my work was quite finished and held up to view, Not one in the room their own character knew. Said Charlotte, surprised, "Sure, this cannot be; Mamma, could you ever design it for me? So careless and indolent! sure, 'tis a shame, And if such were my conduct you justly might blame; But I beg you'll remember how much work I do— Six handkerchiefs lately, some double-hemmed too, All ruffled and trimmed in the fashion most new." Then growing more grave, she began to reflect, If real, those evils 'tis time to correct. Young Caroline blushed and discovered a tear. "Mamma, I must think, has been rather severe: 'Ill-natured and selfish, not under control,' This portrait I hate, I declare from my soul." Poor Betsey cried sadly, was greatly distressed, Such a pert, awkward

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baggage her picture expressed; But being by reason a little subdued, With her two elder sisters did wisely conclude, That as they to themselves were such profound strangers, And hourly exposed to such hazards and dangers, They'd look to their mother for aid and protection, And take her advice for their future direction. All happy at length to come under this stricture, So good an effect had the Family Picture.

The old house of Primrose Hill is still to be seen, though no longer in possession of the Hesselius family. It is easy in fancy to people it again with the happy group which once gathered around its ample fireside. One can almost see

PRIMROSE. Built by Richard Young, who died A. D. 1748.

97 those bright young girls in their quaint morning caps and snowy "kerchiefs crimpt and up to the chin," busy with their "tambour work" and their old-fashioned music. I wonder how "Nicolia" would sound to our "classic" taste on Miss Caroline's pianoforte? Pretty miniatures of her, and of Miss Charlotte, with her "craped head" (and train, no doubt, though that does not appear) are still in existence. She was "not without wit," as her mother declares, and some clever verses of hers found their way into the "Gazette." A hundred years afterwards they were copied and illustrated by Mr. Mayer in a manner that would have rejoiced her heart, and republished in the "Century."

I received another graphic picture of this family group many years ago from my revered friend, Mrs. Catherine Few, of New York. She was the daughter of Captain (afterwards Commodore) Nicholson, of the "Defence," and was about that time visiting some very gay relatives at Annapolis. She was very young and much admired, and entered with great zest into the fashionable amusements of the society there, which she told me appeared to her much more brilliant than that of New York!

One morning she rode out with one of her young admirers to breakfast at Primrose. When they entered the porch they found the door open and the family assembled in the hall at prayers. As they stood and listened, the contrast between these peaceful morning

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devotions and the gay and thoughtless scenes through which she had been passing made a deep impression on her mind, and led to a lifelong friendship for one of its members.* I have still in my possession

* Harriet, afterwards Mrs. Murray.

98 their carefully preserved correspondence of more than half a century.

Friendship was a virtue characteristic of that leisurely time, when as yet the arts of conversation and letter-writing had not been superseded by the newspapers, and played an important part in its daily life. Even the houses of that day seem to have been constructed more with a view to the enjoyment of the society of friends than for the display of wealth or of artistic taste, and their friendships, like their houses, were expected to endure and to descend to their posterity, as this one notably did.

1893 differs from 1793 in nothing more than in the education of its young ladies. It may be interesting, in view of the great advantages of the present day, to look back and see for a moment how our grandmothers grew up and with what ideas their education was conducted. We have had quite a peep at the young ladies at Primrose. Miss Eliza has now returned from school in Baltimore. We hear nothing further of that school, until a few years later we have a delightful correspondence between Mary Grafton Dulany, Jr. (who has taken Eliza's place with her mother's dearest friend, Mrs. Philip Rogers, and is going probably to the same school), and her father, Major Walter Dulany. The letter from Major Dulany to his daughter gives some hints on what has been said to be a "lost art"; indeed, I may say on two lost arts, for conversation as well as letter-writing can scarcely now be said to be cultivated as an art.

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Maj. Dulany to his Daughter.

July 16th, 1807.

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My Darling Daughter:

The pleasure which your letter of the 25th of May afforded me was great. I hope from it, that you will use the application needed to become an adept in so necessary an accomplished as the art of letter-writing. Inasmuch as you appear to have an idea of the end for which letters are written, namely, to supply the place of that conversation from which we are debarred by absence, from holding with each other. From want of due reflection on this, what absurdities do we see people led into when they sit down to write a letter to a friend.

If they aimed at nothing more than communicating what would be most interesting, with such remarks as naturally occurred, it would be unnecessary for them to “hammer their brains” at the unmerciful rate they often complain they are obliged to do, for something to say.

In letter-writing, as in conversation, it will be found that those who substitute the design of distinguishing themselves, for that of giving pleasure to those whom they address, must ever fail. But though I object to a desire of distinguishing one's self as a primary object in either conversation or letter-writing (which leads directly to affectation), I should be far from desiring you to be careless of the figure you may make in either of them. There are few things in which the rule—“Whatever you set about, determine to do as well as possible”—is more necessary. Having decided upon what is proper to be said, accustom yourself to express it in the best 100 manner. Always use the words that most exactly correspond with the ideas you mean to express. There are fewer synonymous words in our language than is generally supposed, as you will find if in looking over your Dictionary you will attend particularly to the origin and meaning of the different words you may have occasion to seek for. Want of attention to this destroys the force of many a sentence.

It has been remarked upon as a great excellence of Gen'l Washington's writing that no one could substitute a single word which c'd so well express his meaning. I have heard,

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whether it be true or not I cannot say, that for seven years of his life he never wrote without having his Dictionary before him.

I am delighted with the feeling you express at your escape from the Exhibition of the school. I lament much the institution of them in our various schools. That we should be so industrious to destroy that diffidence which is not only so becoming, but so beneficial, to youth and inexperience, would astonish me, but that it so well accords with the manners and habits of thinking of the day. That kind of assurance which arises from callous feeling is disgusting to all. Assurance, to be pleasing, must be derived from cultivating in our own minds a good disposition towards others—and an unfeigned wish to oblige and render all around us comfortable and happy—together with that knowledge of how to conduct ourselves in various situations which is gradually acquired by mingling with the world. In the attainment of that knowledge much assistance may be got by observing what renders such a person pleasing or displeasing.

But I must say something further upon the subject of 101 imitation, as I have been led into it. A young lady who takes another for a model, however graceful the manners of that person may be, loses whatever was natural and easy in her own; whilst allowing her even to be successful in her imitation (against which there are many chances), they may become her as little as the clothes of another might do. My daughter will not fail to be struck with the strange figure she would make, for instance, in a dress of Mrs. R.'s. The loss of so excellent a mother as you were blessed with, your Aunt Rogers undertook for a while to supply, and you are with her as a child of her own. I fear to dwell too much on the obligation lest I should substitute awe and constraint for ease, and destroy on both sides the pleasure of your intercourse. But, my dear daughter, be open with her: make her your confidant. Could you but have a distant view of the infinite mischief arising from a habit of concealment you would shudder at the bare thought of being betrayed into it. How about the drawing you were to send me?

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How could it enter your head that your letters were not worth the postage. 'Twas not till the 10th of May I got by Packet, your letter of April 25th.

Mary Grafton Dulany to Major Dulany.

August, 1807.

I received your letter, dear Papa, and am very much obliged for the good advice you give me and I hope I shall profit by it.

Anne O. Rourke spent a week with us. Mrs. Groombridge's vacation did not commence as soon as the other 102 schools, and Aunt excused us to Anne, and we went as usual to our drawing lesson. I went on Wednesday to Madam B's Exhibition. There were five Crowns: the two principal—for Eminence in lessons, and virtue. The Crown of Eminence was given to Anne McKim. They were crowned in great style at the Assembly rooms in the presence of 500 spectators. As for Mrs. Groombridge she has postponed her examination till Christmas. She says she will show the people what her scholars can do. She was bitterly against crowns when she first heard of them. When I went there the next day she told me she would have a crown for the most Eminent of every class.

Ever your dutiful daughter, M. G. Dulany.

P.S. I should like very much to have the Spectator, but Aunt says she supposes you read in them yourself: if that is the case I would not deprive you. I don't think I shall read much until I leave school. From that time I promise myself great diligence in my books. I promise you Rollin and Trimmer shall have the greatest care taken of them.

Mary Grafton Dulany (aged 13) to Major Dulany.

Greenwood, 1806.

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I am grieved, my dear Papa, to think of the little intercourse between us. Your letter which I received a day or two ago was particularly gratifying to me. You can judge by the pleasure you experience in hearing from me, what delight a letter from you gives me. You say nothing of coming from the Eastern Shore, but I sometimes for a moment ¹⁰³indulge the idea that you will one day live amongst us, but it promises too much pleasure, and it does not become me to prescribe for you. Perhaps it is a kind of selfishness that arises from ignorance of your affairs that induces me to think you could quite as well reverse matters: live here, and pay a visit once or twice a year to the Eastern Shore; where you must be separated from all Society that can be agreeable to you.

Bless "Rollin!" I think his characters and anecdotes of celebrated men very entertaining; but I think his history ought to be epitomised for females, for of all things that Peloponesian war is the driest and most tedious to me. I know little more about it than I did before I read it, except that it was fought between the Alceans and the Peloponesians. I found it so uninteresting I began to think of dismissing Mr. Rollin and getting something more entertaining.

As to the "Shirt" which Aunt tells me she mentioned to you, I think it may vie in tediousness with the Peloponesian war. I went on with it charmingly at first. It is now laid by till I take breath for a new assault when I hope to give the conquering blow.

Aunt Brice is delighted with the French officers. She has constantly at her house five or six every evening. Aunt R. does not like my going while they are there. I should prefer being at Cousin Mary's where I could see company when I chose, for I think I should be surfeited with so much every day.

I wish Papa, if convenient, you would bring my satin wood box. I think it will be well to wrap it in something thick for fear it should be rubbed.

Ever your dutiful daughter.

Another letter says:

Nancy Weems has arrived in town and tells me Cousin Mary will be hurt if I do not return to Annapolis with her. If I can get ready, I don't know but I may, for if I wait for the French Officers I may not get there till next Winter: besides I have not such an invincible hatred to them, as to make me forego Cousin Mary's agreeable society.

P.S. "Mrs. Twitchem with her one eye A wondrous length of tail lets fly, And as she passes through every gap Leaves a piece of her tail in the trap."

What do you think of this riddle? It puzzled us not a little.

Perhaps you will think it of more consequence when I tell you it was proposed by the Bishop of London.

Write me word what you think it is.

Even in this age of advanced education I am sure it will be difficult to find among young ladies of thirteen a more attractive letter-writer, though one cannot help smiling at her desiring that "Rollin" should be "epitomized for females." It is a little mark to show how the age has advanced in its ideas of feminine capacity. This young lady, by the way, was named Mary Grafton Hesselius Dulany. Both Mrs. Dulany and Mrs. Hesselius being named Mary, she was named for both.

But we must return to Primrose.

"Primrose Hill," writes my uncle, "was a centre of great attraction. The young found much pleasure in the beauty 105 and accomplishments of the young ladies, and the grave and serious had the greatest delight in the society of my grandmother. My father soon found his way there. His visits at first were to my grandmother, to hear her talk and to

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gather instruction from her lips. The girls, much amused at this intimacy, used to call him 'Mamma's Beau.' However, other motives after a while threw their influences around him. Miss Eliza, who had been at school in Baltimore for several years under the care of her eldest sister, Mrs. Philip Rogers, at length returned home. She was just seventeen and very pretty, and what was better she had superior graces of the mind. A mutual attachment soon sprung up between them, and in June, 1792, they were married. My Aunt Charlotte was married on the same night to Mr. Thomas Johnson (son of the Governor), and a very large company was invited to Primrose. The bridesmaids were Miss Sarah Leitch (daughter of Major Leitch, aid to Gen'l Washington, who was killed at Harlem Plains; she afterwards married my uncle John Addison); Miss Murray, afterwards Mrs. Gov. Lloyd; Miss Maria Murray, afterwards Mrs. Gen'l Mason, and Miss Cromwell, afterwards Mrs. Lee.

"At that time Oxon Hill was occupied by Mr. Washington. My father rented a house near by of Mr. Dennis Magruder; and Uncle John, marrying about the same time Miss Leitch (by the way, a great belle and a great beauty),* they

* In an old letter without date Mrs. Belt says: "Miss Leitch with her hair crimped looks divinely. Great preparations are making for her appearance at the Races. She has worked herself a very handsome muslin gown with a long train, and fortunately a new cap & some other little articles of finery are just arrived from England."

106 determined to rent the house between them, as Giesborough, my uncle's place, was also under rent.

"The two families lived in great happiness together, and from this fact my grandmother Hesselius called the place 'Harmony Hall,' which name it retains to this day."

During this happy year he continued with diligence his theological studies, and June, 1793, removed to Oxon Hill.

OXON HILL MANOR HOUSE.

CHAPTER IX. His Early Ministry. 1793–1799.

I HAVE before me two venerable parchments, yellow with age, and with clumsy seals attached to them. The first is dated August, 1793, and reads as follows: “Know all men by these presents that I, Thomas Jno. Claggett holding a general Ordination by the assistance of Almighty God on Sunday, the 26th day of May 1793, in the Parish Church of St. Peters Talbot, did admit our beloved in Christ, Walter Dulany Addison, unto the Holy Order of Deacons. In testimony whereof, I have affixed my Episcopal Seal, this 22nd day of November, in the year of our Lord above written, and in the second of my Consecration.”

I touch this old paper reverently. It is the commission of a faithful soldier of the Cross, who fought a good fight and entered into rest half a century ago, full of faith and good works. His was the first ordination by our first Bishop, who himself had been consecrated only six months before in Trinity Church, New York, September, 1792.

“This elevation to the Episcopate,” says Mr. Allen, “was the first instance of the national independence of the Church, showing that it had no longer need to seek consecration 108 abroad. In him America had its first home-made Bishop. . . . Bishop Claggett had been very loyal to the Church of England, and had the courage to remain true to her against the current of popular feeling. Although he had been forbidden to use the prayer for the king, he had gone through the entire service (although as pale as death) in the presence of a band of armed men who stood within the church. He was threatened with riots, yet remained true to his convictions; but finding that he could not conscientiously perform his duties, he retired to private life.” After the war was ended he took an active part in organizing the American Church, and in 1791 was unanimously elected Bishop. “His sermons,” continues Mr. Allen, “were always preachings of the Gospel in its purity.” Such was the leader under whom Mr. Addison entered the ministry.

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The manuscript of my uncle, Wm. Meade Addison, which was written under the dictation of my grandfather, gives the following account of the circumstances attending his ordination:

“He (Mr. Addison) had for years been studying to enter the ministry, and in the spring of 1793 he repaired to the Eastern Shore to receive ordination at the hands of Bishop Claggett. The convention of the Episcopal Church was about to meet at Easton, and he left Oxon Hill to attend its deliberations as spectator, and after its adjournment to be ordained Deacon.

“The state of piety in our church was very low at this time. Many of the clergy were men who had entered the ministry not for the glory of Christ, but for the honor and advantage of themselves.” (This sad state of things was, 109 alas! not confined to the Episcopal clergy.) “Genuine piety” was almost circumscribed to the laity. Occasionally there might be seen a minister whose humility, zeal and piety attested his fitness for his office, but rarely was the heart of the believer gladdened by the sight. One clergyman but a short time before had murdered an adversary and been convicted of and punished for it. Many of them passed their lives in rioting and revelling. The ball-room, the card party and the bar-room they frequented, and by the irregularity of their lives, as well as by the tenor of their preaching, exhibited their unfitness for the sacred duties of the Sanctuary.

“The pious members of our Church mourned its dishonor. They were driven from their own Temples to the meeting-houses of the Methodists. Mr. Addison remembers seeing pious laymen pass the church of which Mr. Higginbotham was Rector in the city of Annapolis and go to the Methodists. They would not separate themselves from their own Church, or become members of another, but they went where they could hear the Word of God truly preached, which they could not do in their own Communion. Mr. Higginbotham was fond of card playing, and one Sunday morning in drawing out his handkerchief a pack of cards escaped from his pocket, and from the height of his ‘three-decker’ pulpit was scattered over the chancel, to the amusement of the congregation.

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"Mr. Addison before his ordination had acquired some reputation for piety. It was known that he would not attend theatres, balls, &c., and that he condemned it in others. The Rev. Mr. Messenger, who was Rector of the parish in which 110 Mr. A. lived, was a member of the Standing Committee, and he determined to prevent, if possible, his admittance into the Ministry, on the plea that Mr. A.'s views were Puritanical, or inclined to the Methodists, but Mr. Carr, the gentleman who had been Mr. Addison's guardian, was also one of the vestry of Mr. Messenger's Church and a man of influence. By his vigorous interference Mr. M. was induced to withhold his opposition. This Reverend gentleman, at the wedding of Mr. A.'s sister to Mr. Samuel Ridout, of Annapolis, actually played the fiddle for the company to dance.

"While attending the Convention as a spectator, Mr. Addison looked into our Canons, and discovered that those for clerical discipline were inadequate. Having inquired into the character of the Clergy present, he learned that among them was a gentleman of the name of Coleman, of Baltimore Forest, distinguished for his Christian zeal and purity of life. On him he called and suggested to him to take measures for adopting a Canon which should prohibit the Clergy from frequenting taverns and places of vicious amusement, and from frequenting Balls, &c. Mr. Coleman would probably have to meet with strenuous opposition and have to encounter the charges of innovation and Puritanical strictness; but Mr. Addison happened to have in his pocket at that moment a copy of the Canons of the Church of England that would refute these charges. Mr. Coleman acceded to the proposition and offered the Resolution, which was immediately opposed by Mr. Higginbotham, who was followed and supported by Rev. George Ralph. (Whether others opposed it in debate Mr. Addison does not remember.) Mr. Coleman replied, produced the Canons of the Church of 111 England, showed that he was no innovator, stated that he only desired that the discipline of the Church of England should be applied to the Church in this state, and finally succeeded in having the proposed Canon passed." That it was adopted, and also the fact that so good and true a man as Bishop Claggett was unanimously chosen Bishop, proved that, although the standard of religious life was very

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low in the Church, there existed an honest desire for better things, which opened the door of hope to those who were praying for her regeneration. Thus young Walter Addison dealt his first blow for the honor of the Church of God, and it was aimed with a directness which justified Mr. Messenger's misgivings.

“Some time after, Mr. Messenger, finding that his apprehensions were realized, tried to divert Mr. A. from his course. He addressed him a long letter, in which these amusements were ably defended. Mr. A. recognized it as part of one of Seed's Sermons (written against these very amusements), in which the author arrays all that can be said in their favor in the first part of his discourse, and then refutes every argument adduced in their support in the second portion. The second part was withheld by Mr. M.: the poison administered without the antidote.

“Mr. A.'s first thought was to send him the second part of the sermon, but as Mr. M. was advanced in years he questioned the propriety of doing so to one whose age entitled him to reverence. He contented himself with answering the views in his own language, declaring that his conscience constrained him to hold opinions different from those entertained by Mr. M., and obliged him to pursue the course he was then engaged in.

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“He had procured from England a pamphlet addressed to ‘People of Fashion,’ which he carried with him to the first Convention of the Diocese. This he caused to be republished and widely circulated, and he believed that it contributed not a little towards the establishment of the Lay Discipline now regulated by the Canons of the Diocese as revised in 1836–1847, the year of his death. It was a great cause of thankfulness to him that he was spared to witness the recognition by the Episcopal Church of principles and rules of life as essential to Christian character, which half a century before he had been ridiculed for maintaining and striving to enforce.

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"The race-field at that time was attended, without scruple, by professing Christians. As regularly as each season for racing came on he preached against it. Frequently this gave offence, but as he never noticed the displeasure, it soon passed away, and the temporarily deserted pews were again filled."

I am tempted here to give a quotation from Dean Hole, illustrative of the same period in the English Church: "I remember a remark of the late Bishop of London, Dr. Jackson, that when he recalled the sad condition of apathy, indolence and disobedience into which the Church of England had fallen it seemed marvellous that it continued to exist: that it should survive such manifest indications of decay. I did not share his surprise, believing that as a branch of the true vine it may droop but it cannot wither. Moreover, there was the remnant of 7000 which had not bowed the knee to the Baal of worldliness."

"The Evangelicals, the Wesleyans (not then severed from 113 the Church), and devout Christians in all grades of society, kept the lamp from going out in the temple of the Lord. The pulse of spiritual life was slow and intermittent, but it encouraged hope. And so I record the memory of my boyhood, were it only to suggest and to strengthen the gratitude which we owe for a revival of faith, by the recollection of neglect and dereliction. I remember with a reverent regard those 'holy and humble men of heart,' who, few in number, the fewer the greater share of honour, followed in quietness the steps of their Divine Master, and went about doing good in schools and colleges, sick rooms and mourner's houses, from that 'Charity which vaunteth not itself.'

"The Clergy were, with few exceptions, indifferent to their duties and unworthy of their office: they did as little as decency compelled, and that but once a week. They ate the fat and clothed themselves with the wool, but they did not feed the flock, and the people loved to have it so."

"Had he lifted up his voice like a trumpet, as St. James, he would have been denounced as a Methodist." He goes on to say of the "Revival": "In that great revival of Religion, the

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glorious truths of the Gospel and the ancient writers of the Catholic faith were restored to a disobedient and gainsaying people who had forgotten and slighted them so long. They were with us in our Bibles and Prayer Books, in our Sacraments and means of grace, but hidden from our eyes like the colours of the picture by the dust of a long neglect.”

Another difficulty which Bishop Claggett had to encounter was a financial one. “The voluntary contributions of the 114 people were not equal to those which had been enforced by the Government for the Established Church, and the fortunes of many had been, more or less, embarrassed by the war, so that they could not give as they might otherwise have wished to do. Besides this, the recession of the English Clergy had left the Church with an insufficient supply of ministers, and in the struggle to maintain themselves the common resource was to join several parishes together with services on different Sundays, which rendered their duties arduous and impossible to discharge adequately.”

My grandfather was essentially a man of one idea, and in this probably consisted his strength. His one idea appears to have been to raise the standard of religion in the Church he loved, and to purify her from the scandals which made her a byword.

The low tone of religion which produced Wesley and Whitfield, in England, inspired him with the earnest and enthusiastic resolve, as far as in him lay, to labor for the regeneration of the Episcopal Church; not to desert her in her hour of weakness and desolation, but by using every effort in his power, in the legitimate exercise of his office as her ordained minister, to arouse her to a new life. This, his unwavering aim, he steadily and persistently pursued till his latest breath.

Sprague's American Pulpit says of him: “He no sooner entered upon the ministry than he made war upon fashionable amusements of balls, card-playing, theatres, &c., in which laity and clergy at that time alike indulged. This war he continued to carry on from the pulpit until his infirmities withdrew him from that scene of labor. In private and in 115 public, in prosperity and adversity, in the vigor of youth and the decrepitude of age, as

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a minister actively engaged in his duties and a minister retired from public service, he steadily opposed them by precept and example as fatal to spiritual life.”

His extreme truthfulness and simplicity of character made it impossible for him to reconcile these things with the solemn baptismal vow of the Christian. Doubtless these evils, which had become so great a scandal in the Church, may have presented themselves to him in exaggerated importance.

The Christianity of our day wisely ceases to antagonize the *outward manifestations* of the absence of religion in the heart, but pursues the plan of endeavoring to awaken the *soul* to a sense of better things, thus aiming to treat the source of the disease rather than its symptoms. But let us not forget that we live in a more enlightened day. God uses different instruments and suits them to different conditions in His Church. We must consider that the “Garden of the Lord” was at this time about to be newly planted and ordered, and those who were to do the work found that thorns and weeds had entirely overgrown it. The hedges were broken down, lawlessness and disorder reigned, and before the good work of planting and building could be effectual it was necessary first of all that the ground should be cleared and prepared for the good seed. The men who did this work were followed by those of different gifts, able to build up and adorn where they had only broken the ground, opening the way for work which, without them, would have been impossible.

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Of good Bishop Claggett's successor, Bishop Kemp, it is said: “It was not his wont to attack by name any worldly amusement, however objectionable, endeavoring to imbue the people with Christian feeling, by which he believed they would become Christians in practice.”

Immediately after the adjournment of the Convention at Easton, Mr. Addison took charge of Queen Anne's Parish, Prince George's county. This parish had formerly been filled by Rev. Jacob Henderson, who held the office of Commissary or Supervisor to the Colonial

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Church. It is described by Mr. Allen as a beautiful tract. The neighborhood was settled by the Ridgelys, Snowdens and others, all rich planters. Mr. Henderson had married a wealthy lady and lived on his own estate (Bel Air), as did his successor, Dr. Brogden, at Roedown. (From this I presume there was no rectory connected with the church.) Henderson's Chapel was also included in this parish. The flock were widely scattered, and the great distances between these churches and his own residence rendered Mr. A.'s duties as pastor very arduous. In addition, his health had begun seriously to fail, and he found that his utmost diligence still left his work incomplete. Finding that he could not discharge his duties to his satisfaction, he determined to resign, which he did after two years' service, though my uncle says he frequently preached for them afterwards.

At the Convention of 1796 he was appointed on the Standing Committee, but declined to serve, urging the disadvantage of his youth and inexperience. He was also appointed Visitor for Charles county, which he declined on the same plea. He had evidently learned from his experience at 117 Queen Anne's a lesson of humility. Though always remarkable for his modesty, he had, notwithstanding, by nature a great deal of self-reliance. Experience, however, had taught him a little self-distrust, or, at all events, to estimate more truly his position as a young clergyman, and to feel the want of a larger knowledge of men and of the world.

The following letter belongs to this period:

To Bishop Claggett.

January 4th, 1797.

Rt. Rev. & Dear Sir:

Agreeably to yr Request I have examined Mr Swann on the several Branches of Science required by the 7th Canon of Genl Convention. It strikes me that he has a genl knowledge of most of them, on some particular points—he is able to bear a much closer examination

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than I am able to give him—I am really sorry it will not lie in my power to be with you on Thursday I hope it will be in my power to so arrange matters in the spring, that I can leave Home without suffering great inconvenience which can not be done at present I assure you. I now fully propose to rent out my Farms. I shall then be able to attend more to ministerial Duties. Of course I shall have it in my power to preach for you when you are called from Home.

You will please present my compliments to Mrs Claggett and the young ladies.

My uncle continues: “He now gave himself up to study, and to the ministrations which fell in his way, whether in assisting his Rector, now old and increasingly infirm, or in ministering to the ‘scattered remnant’ in Georgetown, or in visiting the sick and poor, and thus several years passed away. His time was fully occupied in assisting other Rectors and in performing whatever acts of beneficence came in his way. One of these, which proved very successful, I will recount: In one of his rides he found, in a distant part of his estate, a wretched cabin, on entering which he beheld a widow woman and six children in a state of great destitution. Very near the Oxon Hill gate resided a respectable colored man in a very comfortable house. My father succeeded in persuading him, for the sum of twenty-five dollars, to exchange his habitation for another, and here he established the family, that he might have them directly under his eye, sending his wagon for them, and making them as comfortable as he could. As the boys grew up they were apprenticed to good mechanics, and the girls married respectably.”

Dr. Addison also gives the following anecdote of his early ministry: “He was once sent for to see an old gentleman in the neighborhood, who was very ill. He was notorious for his hard swearing; the habit had strengthened with his years and become inveterate.

“After reading the Scriptures and prayer, my father took the old man kindly by the hand, and said: ‘Mr. Lowe, if it should please God to spare your life I hope you will never swear

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again.' 'No, Wattie,' said he; 'if I do, I hope I may be d—d.' I did not get this story from my father, but several persons were present and it got out."

In 1801 Mr. Addison returned to Oxon Hill, and for this 119 and the succeeding years he continued to preach at different churches in his neighborhood, more especially at St. Johns, "Broad Creek," for Mr. Messenger, who had now become old and very infirm. Finding this old church in a very ruinous condition, he applied to the vestry to repair it; they replied that they had tried to raise funds for that purpose, but could only get subscriptions to the amount of twelve dollars and fifty cents. He at once took the matter in hand and succeeded in having it new roofed, etc., at an expense of from \$500 to \$600. It was about this time that Mr. Hanson offered Hart Park for sale, and my grandfather repurchased it, and a year or two after removed his family there. The climate of Oxon Hill had never agreed with him, but I have heard that he also gave as a reason for his change of residence that he found the expense of keeping up so large an establishment burdensome, for the house, ample as it was, was generally full of guests; but I have also heard that when the alterations he made in Hart Park were completed, there was very little difference in point of size between the two houses. This, however, was partly owing, no doubt, to a scheme which he had been forming, of undertaking a school there; one was very much needed at that time to prepare boys for college.

My uncle's narrative continues: "In the year 1794 there was no Episcopal Church in Washington City, and hearing that there were some Episcopal families in Georgetown, my father visited the place, and was invited by the Rev. Mr. Balch, of the Presbyterian Church, to hold Episcopal services in his Church, and he continued to hold services there for some years. 'It was a shame,' the good Dr. would say, 120 'that the Episcopalians should not be able to worship according to their own views and tastes.' Not only did he lend his pulpit; but actually suggested to Mr. Addison to try and erect the Church, since known as the 'Old Church' (St. John's), and tendered a subscription in cash, which Mr. Addison always believed was every cent at the time in his possession. Mr. Addison prepared a subscription paper and called on Mr. Barclay, of Georgetown, a gentleman of means. 'Bless you, Sir,'

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was the answer, 'we don't want a Church; the place is past that. I'll subscribe for a jail, but a Church is useless here; the place can't be benefitted by such means.' He however succeeded in raising some funds, which were applied to it, and the Church was completed at length and the Rev. Mr. Sayre established as Rector, I think, in the year 1804.

"My father's whole study was how he could make himself most useful to the world, and, with my mother's consent, he opened a school at Hart Park. I think he did this, that without injury to his family he might educate some poor relations, who were unable to pay for their schooling. Six or more he educated free of cost (clothing them besides), and when nearly grown procured employment for them. He had an average of 20 scholars, yet financially I think the school was never a success, though the good which it enabled him to do was among the exalted pleasures of his life, and he had always a passion for teaching, which continued to the end of his life."

CHAPTER X. A Year at Annapolis. 1799–1801.

IN the Autumn of 1799, I think it was" (writes my uncle), "an accident happened on the road between Oxon Hill and Giesborough that laid the foundation of my mother's ill-health, which a few years after terminated her life. She was extremely fond of exercising on horseback. One day, while on her way to visit my Aunt, Mrs. John Addison, her horse stumbled, or gave way in one of his hind legs, and in order to preserve her seat my mother made a violent effort, which caused the rupture of a small blood-vessel in the lungs. The bleeding was small, and after a few days all anxiety ceased; but some months after a sudden start in sleep caused the hemorrhage to recur, and a very gradual decline ensued." What made this the more distressing was the fact (which my uncle does not mention) that the "start" was caused by my grandfather himself, who, finding her asleep one day on a sofa, and wishing to awake her, playfully touched her with a feather which he held in his hand, with this fatal result.

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His removal to Annapolis and residence there, during the year 1800, was probably occasioned by his desire that she might have the gratification of being near her mother. His own health, too, was at this time very bad, and having no regular charge it was in his power to take a much-needed rest.

For some time previously my grandfather's mind had been much exercised on a subject which was just then beginning to excite discussion in the minds of earnest men, a subject which has since convulsed and nearly rent asunder our whole country. Slavery had been considered just and right by the most scrupulous. It was thought to be sanctioned by Holy Writ, and to be a necessary arrangement: beneficial as well to the slaves, who were brought out of savage heathenism to a higher state of civilization, as to the masters whom they served. The duty of treating them with consideration and kindness was fully recognized, and we find on the old tombstones a "good master" is placed with a "kind husband" and an "affectionate father." From the Church records, etc., which I have seen there was evidently an earnest effort made to Christianize them and admit them to the Church. Public opinion was also against their ill-treatment. The state of the public conscience, however, I think cannot be better illustrated than by the following letters from my great-great-grandmother Dulany to her son, Major Dulany. Her own letters and all the family traditions show her to have been a woman of tender feelings and that she was a kind and sympathetic mistress, and yet she seems to have had no scruple whatever about selling her servant. Cruel masters at that time were most unusual, and she seems to have parted with her servants with as little compunction as the mistress of a household in the present day dismisses them when she finds it necessary to reduce her expenditure. 123 Nevertheless, it was with a shock, I confess, that I read the following letters:

Extract of a letter from Mrs. Dulany to her son.

Aug. 7th, 1783.

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As for Jacob, I gave the best Description I could, of him (having never laid eyes on him) as a likely young Fellow of two or three and twenty. I have since heard from Gen'l Washington that after the siege of York he eloped from his Master Capt. Bradford and stole part of his clothes.

I have been obliged to sell all the negroes belonging to y'r uncle's Estate: otherwise I would most freely have parted with some of them to help you. They were an unmanageable set through their master's over Indulgence. Besides there is such a spirit of setting them free amongst us, that it was thought most Advisable to part with them, and rent the land lest they should be quite lost to us.

On Maj. Dulany's return to America, he found his land confiscated and seems to have been a good deal embarrassed in consequence. His mother endeavored to console him with her confidence in the favor and goodness of Providence, in a case where we might feel he had no reason to look for it. It is evident, from the perfect naiveté with which she writes that she herself has no misgivings whatever as to the righteousness of the course she justifies.

In March, 1798, she writes again: "I hope you will come to view your Situation in a more favorable light. You already seem impressed that Providence has favored you in 124 several instances. You and I have experienced in general great favors from it. Enough I think to make us confide in it: and I hope when you send your slaves to market you will find it so in an Eminent Degree.

God forever bless my darling son, and prosper him in all his laudable undertakings (none other you ever had) to support his family and extricate himself from Embarrassment.

Prays fervently Your affect mother M. Dulany.

It was in the year 1800, and while he was at Annapolis, that my grandfather came to his final decision to free his slaves; but even when he had Come to see that to be a duty, it

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was by no means the simple duty that it has appeared to those who have not considered the subject in all its bearings. Here were a number of helpless and dependent beings to be thrown on their own resources. So far as their individual well-being was concerned there could be little doubt that they were happier under the protection of a benevolent and conscientious master than they would be in the exercise of a freedom for which they were unprepared. Then, too, other masters were to be considered, whose servants might be rendered restless and unhappy by seeing their neighbors set free while they remained in a servitude which they had accepted till now as inevitable. These masters would naturally consider it an unneighborly and unjust action towards the community to release from all control a set of idle people to disturb the peace and good government of other well regulated plantations. The arguments on both sides were many and weighty. My grandfather weighed the matter well before 125 acting, and took the view of the question which a later generation has accepted as the just one. He made up his mind to set his servants free, but only as they arrived at a certain age, 25 for the men and 20 for the women. It is a proof that he considered his health at this time in a very precarious state, that having come to his final decision during a sleepless night, he arose from his bed (as I have heard) and added a codicil to his will, so securing their freedom that no vicissitude of illness or death might prevent his decision from being carried out. I have the will in my possession, dated 1798 and written in a clerkly hand. The codicil is in his own handwriting (his estate then appears, to have been valued at about \$200,000). His brother-in-law, Mr. Ridout, shared his sentiments, and he also freed his slaves and sent them, I think, to Liberia.

My uncle William writes: "I am sorry to be obliged to add that I have often heard my father say that of all the men whom he set free only three or four proved, by their good living, that they were capable of freedom, and one sold him self again into slavery. Their history exemplifies what the history of the world has often taught on a larger scale, that to be and continue free, and to enjoy its blessings, people must deserve freedom."

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"Mr. Addison, with his mind informed by experience and the observation of a long life, has remarked to the writer, that if his course were to be gone over again he would pursue a different method with his slaves. If they could not be sent to Liberia, he would not wrong them with liberty. The women whom he set free were generally as unfortunate as the men." (Only one of them all survived him, I believe: 126 old "Aunt Rachel," who had been a pensioner for many years, and whom at his father's death my uncle, Wm. Meade, received as a legacy and always provided for.)

Mr. Ridout's experience was equally discouraging, as I have heard from his son, Dr. John Ridout.

As Washington City was so near the scene of my grandfather's labors, and so much of his ministry was associated with it, it may perhaps be well just to glance at what was taking place there.

The site for the city was selected by Gen. Washington in the year 1791, and the first session of Congress there held was in the year 1800. No Episcopal church was then erected, but services were conducted at the Capitol alternately by Bishop Claggett and a Methodist preacher of great eloquence, a Mr. Lyell, who afterwards returned to the Episcopal Church. Mr. A. was also holding occasional services at Mr. Balch's church in Georgetown.

The country at this time was threatened with a war with France, and the people were much divided in feeling. A strong party, remembering with gratitude the aid France had given us in our late struggle for liberty, were thoroughly in sympathy with the Republic, while others, contemplating with horror the scenes which had been enacted during the Reign of Terror, agreed in the decision of Gen. Washington, "that the Republican rulers of France could claim no gratitude for services rendered us by the Government they had overthrown."

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Among the French officers who had rendered gallant service under Lafayette and Count Rochambeau, and who had charmed the hearts of our fair ladies at Newport and Annapolis, 127 were some who had graced the brilliant court of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. Among these was her faithful friend Count de Fersen. They all belonged to that class which had given so many victims to the blind and cruel rage of an infuriated populace (by whose will the then government of France held its power), and the sympathy of their friends in this country was naturally with them.

The Jay Treaty had caused great offense, and war with France seemed impending. That government had refused to receive our ambassadors, though a hint was thrown out that a subsidy from the United States might induce them to entertain a more favorable sentiment. This it was which drew from Mr. Pinckney, one of our ambassadors, the noble reply, "Millions for defense, but not one sixpence for tribute."

The following letter from Mrs. Dulany shows the feeling of the anti-French party:

Epping, *April*, 1798.

My Dear Betsy:

I have no doubt of your seeing Mr. Fitz Hugh on his way to Virginia. I think unless he has a mind to Dispute, you will find him quite one of us.

We do not think that our Commissioners were "supplicating," but that it was necessary for them to show every disposition for a peace: to convince our rascally French faction, that the fault could not be attributed to our side, that it was not Obtained; and it certainly has had a good effect. The disclosures of these conferences and the demands on America, have opened the eyes of the generality of people, 128 who joyn in abusing the French, as cordially as you, and I could do and seem now disposed to do everything to defend themselves from them, which was far from being the case before.

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I was a little afraid at first that the Congress was too Solicitous, and w'd have given up: but when I came to "No, No, No; not a sixpence," I was quite delighted with what appeared to me a manly conduct. I am in great fear for dear old England. I tremble at the idea of her Destruction or even Decline, which the c—f—d French are so much bent on. They seem to do what they will. Heaven grant them a speedy Reverse.

I am, with dear love, M. Dulany.

Kitty joyns in Love.

"There was a lay Methodist meeting-house belonging to the colored people in that neighborhood over whom Mr. A. had much influence, and for whom he sometimes officiated. Dr. Balch also used sometimes to visit this humble Temple and distribute sacred truths to the illiterate congregation that assembled there to hear the Word of Life.

"In 1800 Mr. A. resolved to take a step towards the erection of a more suitable building than the log house just spoken of. He made the congregation a present of a lot of ground to build a convenient edifice. No one, however, prosecuted the plan, and the lot was allowed to remain unimproved. In 1816, when Mr. A. was living in GeorgeTown, he resolved to erect the church for them. He carried the deed which granted the land to the Methodist Church in 129 one hand, and a subscription list in the other. With them he succeeded in raising six or seven hundred dollars in cash. He gave the wood to burn the brick. The cartmen subscribed labor; the mechanics, labor also. In a short time an excellent brick meeting-house was completed and now stands an ornament and a blessing to the neighborhood. It lays no claim to architectural elegance, but nevertheless it adorns the fair and lovely landscape of which it forms part: for blind to the beautiful must he be who sees nothing to admire in the simplest monument that speaks of God, or in the rudest edifice that intimates man's consciousness of a Hereafter. Broad Creek Church was a great distance from Oxon Hill, and but for this meeting-house the people in that neighborhood would rarely have entered the Church of God. A spirit of indifference to

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eternal things was painfully apparent. To the erection of this place of public worship Mr. A. attributed in a great measure the preservation of a Christian spirit in that community.”

“About twenty years after this St. Barnabas was built through the zeal of Christians kept alive as Mr. A. believes by the religious services held in that meeting-house. Thus the good done to another Christian sect was blessed to the increase of our own. While Mr. A. was engaged in building this meeting-house the Rev. Mr. Wilmer, of Alexandria, waited on him and remonstrated against the aid he was lending the Methodists, telling him that the ‘fires on his own altars were expiring while he was fanning into a flame those that were kindled on another’s.’ He only replied that the service he rendered the Methodists he knew would redound to the benefit of his own Church; that we would sometimes fall asleep if the Methodists were not by our side to stir us up to activity. He added: ‘I believe that the Methodists have rendered the Episcopal Church the most essential service, and that to them under Providence we are indebted for the zeal and piety that now belong to it.’”

Among my old papers I find this very subscription list, written in my grandfather's own hand and signed by many of his friends and members of his congregation in Georgetown.

CHAPTER XI. Rector of Broad Creek.

THE oldest parish record spoken of is Piscataway or Broad Creek Parish, called St. John's P. G., contiguous to the Potomack, and Piscataway creek, dated Jan. 30, 1693. It contains the name of John Addison, Privy Councillor. His grandson Henry was Rector of St. Johns for thirty years.* He was educated at Oxford, and in the corner of a quaint old portrait of him, in possession of the family, is a scroll containing the picture of his college. He took refuge in England during the war, but at its close returned to this country and resided on his estate until his death in 1789. His Parish would have no other pastor during his life. A later descendant, Walter Dulany Addison, became Rector in 1801.”†

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* The old Bible and Prayer Book used by the Rev. Henry Addison in this church are still preserved in the family. In them is written "Presented to me by the honoured Lady, my mother."

† Sermon by Rev. Mr. Stanley.

The traditions of the neighborhood tell us that General Washington used occasionally to worship in this old church (which is nearly opposite Mt. Vernon), coming across the river in his eight-oared barge with his family, and that after service he might be seen taking snuff with the parson in the churchyard, or discussing the crops or the profits of the seine with the farmers.

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A writer in the Washington "News" thus describes the old parsonage: "A large, plain brick house of the colonial period, with a fine broad hall and a wide stairway, with galleries above. It must have been an elegant home a century ago, and the brick walls are still as sound as when first built, but the interior has been abused; the panelling and the laboriously hand-cut scrolls decorating the walls are badly broken, but these, with the arched cupboards in the dining-room, and the folding inside shutters in the deep recessed windows, show that the place was expensively built." This rectory was occupied by Mr. Messenger, but neither my grandfather nor his uncle Henry ever lived there. The ground around it is low and marshy, and the proximity of the creek renders it malarious, and I believe the old rectory has long been deserted.

When, at Mr. Messenger's death, my grandfather was made Rector of Broad Creek Parish, "it contained," writes my uncle, "three churches: Addison's Chapel, near Bladensburg, which was built by the Rev. Henry Addison; Broad Creek, and Akokeek. Here he continued until 1809, giving to his temporal concerns so much of his time only as duty to his family required. Had he striven with the same assiduity to improve the broad acres of his inheritance that he bestowed on the vineyard of his Master he would have had an

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overflowing abundance of temporal riches. His ardent aspirations, however, looked far beyond the things of time, nor would he ever suffer these to come in conflict with the things of eternity. Owing to his own perfect honesty and directness of purpose, my father was unsuspecting of others, and was, moreover, full of that 'charity that thinketh no evil.' He was consequently the victim of many impositions."

That my grandfather's "broad acres" were very badly managed indeed, I have no doubt, from the traditions which were still circulated when I was young. He was not a man who had much respect for established precedents, and therefore probably made many disastrous experiments, and his blunders were often exaggerated. The emancipation of his slaves was an unpopular measure, and his own farming operations were sensibly embarrassed by it; gradually the able-bodied and efficient workers were withdrawn, leaving the estate encumbered with the old and helpless and the very young. His neighbors were inclined, perhaps, to a little sharp criticism; it was not generally ill-natured, however, and nothing could be a greater proof of the respect and affection in which he was really held than his appointment as Rector to his own vacant parish. One of these stories to which I have alluded is a type of the rest. During a certain inclement spring he had ordered his sheep to be sheared in a mild spell, but very cold weather ensuing, he was so touched by their wretched appearance, deprived of their warm coats, that he sent to Alexandria for a bale of cloth and had them blanketed. To make the story more picturesque, they were said to have been dressed off in "red flannel," and that the sheep, panic-stricken at beholding themselves in this strange attire, fled in terror from one another and could by no means be brought together again. My uncle always indignantly protested against the truth of this story; still it showed that his methods were not held in respect by the farmers, and from the results perhaps they had 134 reason for their opinion. Though very gentle in his manner, he was not a man to be readily advised, but was in the habit of thinking for himself on all subjects. I notice in my great-grandmother Hesselius' letters little expressions which show her solicitude about his worldly concerns, and yet her reluctance to interfere with her advice, which is the more remarkable, as with all her children she was consulted as

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an oracle. Between herself and my grandfather there had from their earliest acquaintance existed the closest friendship; yet there was evidently a point beyond which she did not venture to intrude, though she was a member of his family from 1803 till her daughter's death in 1808.

Bishop Meade says of him, that though the meekest of men, he was very bold in rebuking vice, and on several occasions his fearlessness subjected him to personal danger. On his way to Broad Creek Church one Sunday morning he learned that a negro had become intoxicated at a tavern, and had been suffered to be out all night, though the weather was severe, in consequence of which exposure he either died or was very near dying. Indignant that such an outrage should have been committed within his parish, before he entered the pulpit he denounced the transaction as "un-Christian and inhuman." The publican was in church at the time, and was so incensed that he declared he would flog Mr. Addison the first time he met him. Hearing soon after of the threat, Mr. Addison mounted his horse, rode to the man's house and inquired of him if his information was correct. He was told that it was and that he richly deserved a chastisement, that he had unnecessarily wounded his feelings, and that he should have spoken to him in private. Mr. 135 Addison then readily acknowledged that he had been injudicious in the selection of the occasion for his reproof, but could not agree with him that he did not deserve just such a verbal castigation as he got. The tavern-keeper did not attempt to carry out his threat, and shortly after his place was broken up. On another occasion he was perhaps in still greater jeopardy. "He was crossing the river," writes my uncle, "by the Oxon Hill ferry, when a storm arose which threatened the safety of the boat. One of the passengers was swearing in the most shocking manner. My father took occasion to rebuke him, telling him his conduct was sinful and blasphemous, especially at such a time. The reprobate turned fiercely around and threatened to throw him overboard; indeed, he made an effort to do so, but was prevented from executing his purpose, and before the boat reached the shore his temper had calmed. Some three weeks after my father was sent for to visit in his ministerial character a person who was lying at the point of death. When he

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approached the sick bed, he recognized the passenger over the ferry who three weeks before had been insulting his Maker by his blasphemy. He was sadly changed; he was skulking from death, and overwhelmed with dismay at the thought of that future into which he supposed he was just entering, and of which in the days of vigorous health he had been unmindful. My father prayed by his side, and gave him such advice as he considered his case required. He recovered, and became a converted man, and ever after was a consistent Christian, and never ceased to be grateful to him, and followed him about from place to place to hear him preach. Many years after, when he was settled in Georgetown, Mr. Addison 136 was sent for by his family from a long distance in the country to perform the last religious offices over his remains. It was Mr. Addison's habit, whenever an occasion offered, to say something in behalf of Christianity, if indeed it were only a word; the seed might fall on a barren soil, or on a rock, yet even there some crevice might be found where the word of truth might take root. One Sunday morning as he crossed the ferry to Mr. Davis' church, for whom he was to preach, he saw on the wharf a gang of negroes returning with their empty baskets, which had been laden with fruit and vegetables which they had just sold in the city. He spoke to them earnestly of the sin of Sabbath-breaking, and urged them to abandon their Sunday traffic. He then left them and pursued his way to church. Twenty or more years after he went to preach at Addison's Chapel; it was his practice to converse on religious subjects with any one whom he saw lingering in or near the church. On this occasion he observed when the services were over a venerable colored man who was officiating as sexton. He approached him and entered into conversation with him. To his great delight he learnt that he was one of the Sabbath-breakers whom he had addressed on the wharf at Alexandria, and that on that occasion he had received his first religious impressions, he from that time forsook his Sunday occupations and became a truly pious man. Indeed, I believe he never allowed any opportunity of doing good by counsel or exhortation to escape him unimproved. The utility of his course in this respect is illustrated in the case of Rev. Thomas—. Among the many tenants that he found on Oxon Hill was old Si —, who occupied a small tenement to which was attached 137 some ten or twenty acres of land. The rent paid, was the services

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of little Tom, then about twelve years of age, in riding occasionally to the mill. The father was an habitual drunkard and the sons also were vicious. But the mother was an excellent woman. At one time she was very ill, and Mr. Addison went to read and pray with her. He observed little Tommy creep into the room and take his seat by the bedside. When he left, the little fellow followed him to the bars and let him through. Struck with the boy's gentle manner, he took from his pocket a scrap of paper, on which he wrote: "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not; walk not in the way with them; turn your feet from their paths," and handed it to him. It was a delicate way of warning him from the influence of his father, brothers and sisters. On a Sabbath morning not long after, while on his way to Broad Creek Church, he overtook the little fellow wending his way to the same place, and entered into conversation with the child. "Do you know how to read?" "No, sir; I wish to God I did." "Then come to me to-morrow, and I will send you to Mr. McDaniel and have you taught." On the following day he accordingly presented himself at Oxon Hill and was put to school, where he remained 18 months, at the end of which time Mr. Addison attempted to bind him out as an apprentice to learn a trade, but it soon became apparent that an injury received in one of his arms when a child disqualified him for making his living by manual labor. Mr. Addison had now begun a school at Oxon Hill; he proposed to his wife that they should take the boy into their house and place him on a footing with the other boys. She consented, and he was accordingly matriculated. After he had made sufficient progress to take charge of a school, Mr. Addison procured him a situation in the family of his brother as tutor to his young children. Here Bishop Claggett was a frequent visitor, and becoming interested in him, advised him to study divinity, offering to lend him books. He gladly came into the good Bishop's views, and after a few years of study was ordained. He afterwards married a lady of wealth and beauty on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

In 1839 Mr. — was leading Mr. Addison through the streets of Baltimore, when he delicately testified his recollection of the incidents of his early life by the remark: "Ah, Mr. Addison, you led me when I was blinder than you are," at the same time he recalled to Mr.

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Addison the incident of the scrap of paper at the bars. Mr. — also insisted on returning to Mr. Addison the money which his schooling and clothing, etc., cost.

The tragical death of his uncle, Lloyd Dulany, at the hands of the Rev. Mr. Allen, in his early youth, had made a strong and ineffaceable impression of horror on my grandfather's mind. This cruel and barbarous custom of duelling was then justified by public opinion, and duels were by no means of infrequent occurrence. It was about this time, I think, that the celebrated duel between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton occurred, which deprived our country of one of her greatest men and made of another an outcast and a conspirator. The horror which this event occasioned was very great, but it did not prevent the recurrence of similar tragedies, and the un-Christian usage was not condemned by men, in other respects of high Christian principles; on the contrary, a man who hesitated at the alternative 139 of imbruing his hands in the blood of another, or of sacrificing his own life for an offensive word, was esteemed a coward, and lost caste with honorable men. Few men had the courage to incur such a penalty, and some of the noblest spirits of the country fell at the hands of men who would have given anything they possessed to avoid the encounter to which they were constrained by the inexorable "code of honor." One of the saddest of these cases was the duel of Mr. Jack McCarty with Mr. Mason. Mr. McCarty had gone to the limit permitted by this savage code to avoid the conflict. The choice was with him, and he had even proposed that they should take hold of hands and jump from the top of the Capitol together; but Mr. Mason's seconds insisted on the quarrel being carried out in the usual manner to the bitter end. Mr. Mason was killed, leaving a lovely wife to mourn for him through a desolated life. Mr. McCarty's fate was even sadder; he never recovered from the remorse with which the terrible event filled him, but was all his life haunted by this dreadful memory.

To my grandfather the folly and wickedness of all this was simply not to be borne, and he exerted himself so actively against it that Bishop Meade says "his opposition to duelling and the means he adopted to prevent it made him for a number of years very notorious among the members of our American Congress. While pastor of St. John's Church,

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Georgetown, he had frequent opportunities of exerting himself for the prevention of duels. He has often detailed to me the circumstances attending these efforts; his interview with Mr. Jefferson, when he had reason to think one of the parties was in the President's house; his pursuit of them on 140 horseback, and overtaking them just as the seconds were measuring the ground; their threatening to tie him to a tree in Arlington forest;—these and such like things I have heard from his truthful lips.” My uncle, Dr. Addison, gives a fuller account of two of these affairs:

“It was a source of never-failing pleasure to your grandfather to recount his happy success in once preventing a duel between two gentlemen of his acquaintance. The parties were Samuel Carr and Philip Baker; the former was the son of my father's aunt, and both gentlemen were near neighbors and his parishioners. Mr. Carr was also nephew to Mr. Jefferson. It was in the year 1801, when Mr. Jefferson had just taken the presidential chair, and Mr. Baker had written several newspaper articles of great severity against the President; it was noised abroad that a challenge would probably pass. This came to my father's knowledge, and he determined to prevent it if possible. On one of his visits to Washington he was struck with a very singular saddle-cloth, made of leopard's skin, which, on inquiry, he was informed belonged to the President. Some time after, and while the duel between Messrs. Carr and Baker was the subject of conversation in the neighborhood, he observed a gentleman on horseback near Oxon Hill gate with this extraordinary saddle-cloth. It immediately occurred to him that this person might be the bearer of a challenge from the President's nephew. He was not wrong in his conjecture. He immediately repaired to the President's house in search of Mr. Carr, with whom he had an interview in the presence of Mr. Lewis, Jefferson's private secretary. He urged every argument in his power to dissuade him from his mad and wicked design, and enforced them with his most earnest entreaties, but all to no purpose. He left them and went in search of a constable; one was found with some difficulty, but he had retired to rest and refused to turn out. Finding his arguments unavailing, he offered him \$10 if he would arrest them before they mounted in the morning. The man consented, but next morning informed Mr. Addison

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that when he reached the President's stables they had started and could not be overtaken. Much discouraged by this failure, he then adopted what he thought was his last resort. He addressed a note to Mr. Jefferson, in which he informed him of his nephew's project and begged him to interfere and stop the duel. This note he bore to the door in person. Before he had left the yard a messenger overtook him and requested him in the name of the President to return.

"Mr. Jefferson had just risen from his bed; he requested Mr. A. to be seated and to relate the circumstances of the affair as far as he knew them. This being done, he particularly inquired how he (a clergyman) came to be privy to such a transaction. He replied: 'If I answer you in the world's language, I must say accidentally. If in the language of truth, Providentially. At all events be assured that I received my information neither directly nor indirectly from any one connected with the transaction.'

"Mr. Jefferson then observed that he was assured Mr. Lewis would do all in his power consistent with his friend's honor, to arrange this unpleasant collision amicably. 'At the word honor I was,' said Mr. Addison, 'chilled with horror and left him to his own reflections.'

"In a desponding mood my father crossed the river at 142 Georgetown on his way home by the Alexandria road, and who should he meet on his way but Mr. Baker and his second, Dr. Ridgely, riding at a rapid rate. My father turned his horse and was soon in hot pursuit. 'Where are you going, Mr. Addison?' asked the gentlemen. 'To keep you company,' was the reply. With that they put spurs to their horses, but they gained nothing, for my father was an accomplished horseman and was well mounted. Turning in their saddles and seeing that your grandfather could very well pass them if he would, they made some threats and demonstrations that they would tie him to a tree, but second thoughts, which are often best, gave impulse to their heels instead of to their plan, and renewing the spur they pushed on, my father close behind.

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"It was not long before the parties came to a halt, and Carr, with his second, Mr. Lewis, was seen on the ground. This latter gentleman, approached your grandfather, rudely asked him what he wanted. The reply was, 'I am here to prevent murder, sir, if I can,' and he expressed the hope that the point of honor between the gentlemen might be deferred to the arbitrament of gentlemen of standing, to determine who was the aggressor, and what redress in the form of apology or retraction should be made by the party found in the wrong. Mr. Lewis fiercely replied that no such course should be pursued, and commanded him instantly to leave the field and let the matter rest with those who were concerned in it.

"As this order was not immediately complied with, Mr. Lewis then expressed the hope that Mr. Addison at all events would not mention the names of those whom he might see on the ground. He replied, 'I shall see 143 nothing, sir, for if I cannot prevent the shedding of blood I shall not stand by to witness it.'

"Finding he could do nothing, he withdrew, and went in search of a magistrate, whom with some difficulty he found. He was a lame little man, and he took him on his own horse, and with all practical speed they returned to the field of honor, but found the combatants had shifted their position. They started in pursuit, and on their road picked up a recruit, a tall, raw-boned man, with a long gun, who consented to act as constable. The belligerents were at last found: they had entered a tavern to complete their new arrangements. The magistrate and constable followed them and made several arrests. When Mr. Addison made his appearance a storm of furious invective assailed him. They declared they 'believed he was at the bottom of the arrest.' This he could not deny with truth. The parties were all bound over to keep the peace, and the duel for the time was prevented. It was believed the duel was abandoned, and Mr. Addison returned to his accustomed pursuits, from which he was again called one Sabbath morning as he was about leaving home for his church, by a letter from his mother, informing him that the matter was still unadjusted, and if he would prevent the duel not a moment was to be lost. He despatched a messenger to the church to dismiss the congregation, and proceeded

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immediately to Georgetown, where he was invested with authority to arrest all persons who should be breaking the peace or 'who would be likely to do so,' and hearing that Mr. Baker was at his stepfather's in Georgetown, thither he repaired; they were just going to supper; he joined them, and after supper tapped 144 Mr. Baker on the shoulder and imparted to him the startling intelligence that he was his prisoner and must give security to keep the peace to the amount of \$5000 or go to jail. My father used to recount with some humor the consternation produced by this measure. The incongruity of the proceedings furnished matter of amused conversation for some time; but the duel was terminated forever, and I think this was one of the happiest days of my father's life." Bishop Meade gives another instance of the same sort: "At the time of the threatened encounter between Mr. John Randolph and Mr. Eppes he was fully prepared to prevent it, and if necessary deposit one or both in a place of confinement. Mr. Randolph was then an attendant at his church at Georgetown. Eleven o'clock, Sunday morning, was selected for the combat in order to evade Mr. Addison's vigilance, as it was supposed he would then be at his post of duty. But he believed his post of duty that day was to be elsewhere, and he did not hesitate about disappointing the congregation. For some time after the appointed hour he was posted near the hotel where Mr. Randolph boarded, ready to arrest him should he leave the house. But an adjustment of the difficulty took place. Mr. Stanforth, from North Carolina, a steady and judicious friend of Randolph, was engaged in the adjustment. He knew where Mr. Addison was and what he was prepared to do, and he it was who informed him that he might now go with a quiet conscience to his Sabbath duties, as the difficulty was settled. This I had from Mr. Stanforth.

"Mr. Addison," continues Bishop Meade, "was equally opposed to strife in the Christian Church. Though a true 145 lover of our own Church and passionately devoted to her services, yet he was no bigot, but embraced all Christians in the arms of his wide-extended charity. The unchurching doctrine he utterly rejected. Just before I lived with him, an Episcopal paper was commenced in the North which took that position. He either

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subscribed to it, or it was sent to him, but on finding that it declared all other ministries invalid, and all other churches out of the covenant, he returned the paper.”

During his ministry at “Broad Creek,” my grandfather used occasionally to preach for Bishop Claggett in the Hall of Representatives. We have a very curious description of the impression made upon a stranger, not only by his sermon, but also by his personal appearance on one of these occasions, Sunday, 5th of February, 1804. The old newspaper which contained it, “The Washington Federalist” of April 18th, 1804, was preserved by his brother John and found a few years ago at Colebrook among his papers and given to my uncle as a curiosity by his daughter, Miss Addison.

My grandfather had never been known to allude to the letter, or the occasion which called it forth; so it either displeased him or made no lasting impression on his mind—probably the latter.

I think it very improbable that he intended anything personal to the President, but at that time the circulation of infidel books and the increase of infidelity in our country, among the higher classes especially, was causing the greatest anxiety among Christian people. The President was thought to have himself imbibed infidel opinions while in 146 France, and on this account was regarded with the utmost jealousy by the more religious part of the community. Party spirit, too, at that time was exceedingly bitter, and it was to gratify enemies of the President, no doubt, that the letter was inserted; but it must speak for itself: “The following is an extract from a letter from a gentleman at Washington to his friend at Philadelphia, giving an account of a sermon preached in the Hall of the House of Representatives by the Rev. W. D. Addison.” “The gentleman who officiated for the day was entirely a stranger to me. He seemed about forty years of age, his complexion was rather sallow, and in his countenance care appeared to have been struggling for victory with cheerfulness. You did not discover the traits of weak credulity. His was the aspect of great sensibility and benevolence, athwart which the knowledge of the world had thrown a few shades of distrust; but these were so blended and intermingled with

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what would otherwise have been a dazzling irradiation, that a mild and placid light was afforded which you could contemplate with infinite satisfaction. Age had not silvered his locks, though retirement and meditation had faded the roses on his cheek. He was not attired as I have seen many a clerical coxcomb, yet as one neither regardless of decency, nor too fastidiously nice.

“The congregation had been drawn together without any previous notice, but as it was a fine day, the house was pretty well filled, and, as chance would have it, the President was that day at church. He selected for the subject of his discourse that excellent text of Scripture which enjoins us to abound in good works. He traced all the various relations in which we stand to one another and the corresponding 147 duties which are required at our hand. He placed the virtue of beneficence before us in every possible light. It consisted not in the mere giving of alms, but in a thousand charities of life, which any one, whatever might be his station, had it in his power to dispense. There was a negative virtue of this kind which all might cultivate, that of omitting to injure others in thought, word or deed. How happy would life be, where the tale of slander could not circulate, where anger should be disarmed, and every noxious passion subdued. But when he came to speak of the lively and active virtue of beneficence and trace her in all her tender and endearing relations, every bosom throbbed with delight. He portrayed affluence shedding her comforts and blessings on all around, in colors so fascinating that I sighed for the gold of Potosi to enjoy such exquisite luxury, but he soon taught me that my heart was designed for a source of wealth more inexhaustible than both the Indies—that a kind look or a soothing word would oft surpass in value the miser's hoard, and the ears of sensibility were sometimes more precious than the finest brilliants. He then talked of the force of example, and told us of the benefits which would flow from virtuous conduct in those whose station held them up to public view and popular imitation. He brought to my mind the beautiful sentiment of Marmontel. He seemed to say to our President, ‘Oh that the Sovereign, the fountain of manners, would set, as he ought to do, the fashion of the heart!’ He described to us the ground on which we stood, and conjured us modestly, yet

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earnestly, not only to be circumspect in our conduct, but endeavor to become models for piety and morality. This led him to notice the profane 148 and blasphemous publications which had been so industriously circulated* through our country; of these works and their authors he spoke as they deserved. To the intelligent, the sensible and the virtuous they were harmless. To a much more numerous class, to the young, the uninformed, to the giddy and thoughtless, the dissipated and the wicked they were a deadly poison which admitted of no antidote. He had before found the way to our hearts and had attuned our affections to the nicest harmony. Expressions of kindness and harmony beamed from every face. These are sensations which the bad as well as the good may sometimes experience, and the President himself seemed to be partaking of the delightful repast. But when the subject of these publications was introduced, all his transports were dissolved. The small still voice within his breast arraigned itself with that of the preacher. The honest heart refusing to perform its office called back the blood from his cheek, but instantly drove it back again. Claudius did not writhe with half the torture when he beheld the dramatic presentation of the garden scene where he had murdered the father of Hamlet.

* Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," &c.

"But to return to our parson: He had selected this topic for the conclusion of his sermon, and such strains of eloquence were never heard before. Save only one, all hung enraptured on his voice and scarce breathed while he spoke. When he ceased from speaking the audience seemed unwilling to rise from their seats, and each appeared desirous of prolonging this feast of the soul.

"A whisper of curiosity ran around the house, but none could tell who he was. Had I not afterwards been otherwise 149 informed I should almost have believed that an angel of light had descended amongst us. His name is Addison; he lives a few miles below this place on the shores of the Potomac. For some time past he has been assiduously engaged in the education of his own children, with a few other pupils whom he has admitted to his house for this purpose. The thronged schools of the ancient philosophers

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are not to be compared with this, for here all the moral and Christian virtues will be taught, and practice and theory go hand in hand, for I understand he is not one of those who go themselves in the primrose paths of dalliance, while they point out to others the steep and thorny road to virtue.”

CHAPTER XII. Home Life at Oxon Hill.

FROM my uncle's "Recollections" I have collected several sketches of the home life at Oxon Hill. The old house* is still standing and may be seen from the river, or even from the railroad. The main building is unchanged, though it has been divested of its wings. These were an almost invariable feature in old Maryland houses; indeed, were demanded by the mode of life of that day. Sometimes they were detached, sometimes connected with the main building by a sort of corridor. One of these wings was generally devoted to the uses of the gentleman of the house. Here he had an office, in which his business of various kinds was transacted with his overseers, tenants, etc., and where he kept his guns, fishing tackle and such manly appurtenances as might not be considered fit to adorn the hall or drawing-room; sometimes prints of celebrated horses ornamented the walls, or various trophies of the chase. It was for the master's exclusive and individual use.

* On February 6th, 1895, this venerable mansion was destroyed by fire. The following notice appeared in the Baltimore Sun of February 7th: "Alexandria, Va., February 6th, 1895.—Another one of Maryland's historic mansions has been destroyed. The spacious dwelling house on Oxon Hill, overlooking the Potomac, opposite Alexandria, caught fire last night, and was left a wreck by the flames at daybreak this morning. This mansion has long been one of the landmarks of the neighborhood of Washington, and, with Mount Vernon, Belvoir and Carlisle House, made up the noted mansions of the neighborhood in colonial days."

An Alexandria paper gives a more detailed account: "A few minutes past six o'clock this morning people who were moving about had their attention attracted to a light which proceeded from the old mansion on the Maryland hills, just opposite this city. When first

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discovered a small spot in the roof only was burning, but it quickly spread, and in fifteen or twenty minutes' time the whole eastern heavens were illuminated by the conflagration—the fire raging furiously, the flames leaping high, while a huge volume of smoke settled over the adjoining hills. Numbers of people in this city went to the streets facing the river to look at the fire, which continued to rage for several hours. The origin of the fire is unknown from the fact that ice in the river rendered it impossible to communicate with the opposite shore. Nothing now remains of the former building but the walls and the four chimneys.”

STAIRCASE AT OXON HILL.

151 The other included the kitchen, pantries and servants' rooms, though the servants most generally were quartered outside, with perhaps one or two exceptions. A cupola used to ornament the top of this house in the old days, where it was pleasant to sit on summer evenings and watch the sun set over the hills back of Alexandria (now crowned by the Theological Seminary), with the broad Potomac flowing between. The view is still very fine, for the hill is high, rising from the water's edge continuously for a mile. At its foot Broad Creek empties into the Potomac, and one can see as far down the river as Mount Vernon when the weather is clear. The city of Washington terminates the view on the north. Broad Creek in old times was bordered by malarious marshes, which rendered this beautiful site unhealthy in the 152 months of August and September. Indeed, my grandfather's health always suffered there. The society in the neighborhood was very pleasant, consisting chiefly of relations and connections of the family to whom had descended portions of Addison Manor; a great many pleasant people also resided in Alexandria, which was just across the ferry. In her early married life my grandmother greatly enjoyed this pleasant circle. She delighted to fill her house with her young friends and relatives, and my grandfather being necessarily much from home in the performance of his pastoral duties, was rejoiced to indulge her in her hospitable proclivities. Indeed, they were both lovers of hospitality; but on one occasion, as the story goes, she had invited a larger and gayer assembly than he thought entirely consistent with the stand he had taken against worldly amusements, and it being too late to withdraw the invitations, he

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compromised matters by simply absenting himself from home for that evening. Of course he never had occasion to do so again. But I return to my uncle's manuscript:

"My sister was born at Primrose, but I was born at Oxon Hill, and so were my brother Lloyd and a brother and sister who died in infancy. I remember well my dear mother's great affliction at the death of her children. She wrote some very pretty poetry on one of these occasions, which I will insert here:

Oh, Edward, I have lost in thee A flower that ne'er shall bloom again;
Thy father's house shall no more see Beauty like thine in embryo man.

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But why lament the lovely boy? My loss is more than gain to thee;
Go thou to everlasting joy, To all that's happy, all that's free.

Thy little heart hath ceased to beat, Thy head, now cold, shall ache no more;
Safe art thou lodged at Jesus' feet, On Jordan's mild, delightful shore.

Oh! could thy mother meet thee there, With what impatient joy she'd leave
This earthly tabernacle here, And fly to thee with joyful speed.

But no, my sins forbid my flight; My lamp, still dim, must brighter burn;
O Lord, increase its feeble light, And make me say "Thy will be done."

Elizabeth Dulany Addison.

"My mother had me taught dancing by a professor of that art, who came over the river from Alexandria to teach the children in the neighborhood. I was a very shy child, and I don't think I acquired much confidence by learning to dance, for I remember two ladies visited Oxon Hill one day, and my mother bid me go to speak to them. When entreaties failed, she said: 'Go, my son, and make your bow and I will give you a quarter.' I could not resist the bribe, but my heart failed me at the threshold, and I did not advance many inches beyond.

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My mother took much interest in the spiritual as well as intellectual improvement of her 154 children; she would have me drink deep at the fountain of knowledge, but she desired that I should also cultivate the graces. I remember well the prayers I repeated at her knee and many hymns also I learned at her bidding. There is one I often remember hearing her sing with my father: 'The Lord my pasture shall prepare.' When I was seven years old my parents took my sister and me to Bath for the months of August and September; my grandmother accompanied us. Young as I was, I enjoyed it exceedingly. Our mother kept us at our books a part of every day, and in the evening my father would take me with him to walk, sometimes on the mountains, sometimes in the vale. My first Latin grammar was purchased at Hagerstown on our road; he had an Eton grammar, but did not choose it should be thumbed by me. This visit seems to have been enjoyed by all of the little party. The following lines, written before leaving Bath or Berkeley Springs, by Mrs. Mary Hesselius, give a pleasant impression of that resort as it was a hundred years ago:

Ere three more days are numbered by the sun, Or three revolving nights their circles run,
To Bath, with all its charms, I bid adieu, No more, perhaps, these pleasing scenes to view.
With spirits bland we form the cheerful ring, And drink, well pleased, the health-reviving spring;
Or, underneath piazzas, view the scene Of rocky mountains fringed with evergreen,
Where browsing sheep their wonted herbage find, Or court the shade, on nature's couch reclined.
Oh, how shall I regret the morning walk, The social visit and the friendly talk,
155 On rustic seats beneath the leafy shade, For pleasure and for friendly converse made.
No more these streams, that through the valley play, And bright reflect the face of cheerful day,
Shall glad my sight or murmur on my ear, And steal my mind from thoughts of future care.
No more, collected in the bath, we'll lave, And gather strength from the salubrious wave.
All, all is o'er; but memory, the pensive hour to cheer, Reverting oft, shall pay her visits here,
And swift imagination's airy wing Those lost enjoyments to my mind shall bring.
Enough my fancy, nor impute to these What health and friendship gave, the power to please—
These the best gifts that heaven doth bestow Of all its blessings

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in this world of woe, And oh, be ever praised, the Hand divine, That kindly makes these greatest blessings mine.

It was in 1807 that Bishop Meade entered Mr. Addison's house as a student of divinity, and thus began a most tender friendship, which lasted until death divided them. It was through Mrs. Custis, a cousin of young Meade and a warm personal friend of Mr. Addison, that this arrangement was brought about. In after years they were in the habit of meeting for a yearly visit at her house at Arlington, and these visits were a source of great enjoyment to them both. "It was," writes Bishop Meade, "while reading under his direction that the first clear and satisfactory view of the necessity and reasonableness of a propitiation for sin by our blessed Lord was presented to my mind. I shall never forget the time or the instrument, or the happy effect, and how 156 I rose up again and again from my bed to give thanks for it." The book was Soane Jennings' *Internal Evidences of Christianity*.

Bishop Meade thus describes my grandfather: "Mr. Addison was remarkable for extreme mildness and simplicity, combined with extraordinary decision, when principle or duty was concerned. In the ordinary intercourse of life, so gentle and compliant that one might imagine a child could lead him. And yet when occasion demanded, not only immovably firm, but heroically aggressive. In him I became acquainted with one of the best of men. He lived to a good old age, loving all men and beloved by all who knew him; to the last the happiest and most grateful of all the happy and grateful ones I have ever seen or known. Such was the man of God with whom it was my privilege to pass some happy and, I trust, not unprofitable months."

It was in the year 1808 that Mr. Addison was called upon to endure a heartrending affliction in the death of his wife. My uncle gives the following account of this sad event. "In the year 1808 I was a student at St. John's College, Annapolis. In July of that year I received, by the hands of a servant, the following letter from my dear mother, the last she ever wrote:

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“I was very much delighted, my dear son, at the beautiful letter your uncle Ridout brought me. You are extremely improved in your writing. Your request, my dear, to have your letter answered by Post could not be complied with, as it came too late. With respect to my health, I cannot tell you exactly how I am; the Doctor thinks I am better 157 than I have been for a week past, but my strength is much declined since you saw me, and my appearance much altered. My fever however is abated. You must not make yourself uneasy on my account; your father will send you money, and you can come directly the vacation commences, in Thursday's stage. I am a little tired with writing. I am sure you will excuse a longer letter. Papa and Grandmama desire their love.’

“This letter was not sent in the manner intended. My mother became suddenly worse, and I was immediately summoned by a servant, leading a horse for me. I found her indeed greatly changed, and I could not refrain from bursting into tears. My aunt Murray and my dear grandmama were with her, and other relatives and friends were also at Hart Park, sharing our sorrows and mingling their tears with ours. Just before my mother died she sent for my grandmother, who had retired to weep alone. On her approaching, my mother extended her hand, and taking hers, said: ‘I am happy.’ At that moment a little bird flew in and circled round the room, my mother following it with her eyes. It soon flew out of the window, and as it did so her spirit took its flight. She died on the 30th of July. It was a melancholy day in our house; every part of it was filled with mourners. My father was in his chamber alone, and sent for me. His heart was overflowing, and it was some time before he could give utterance to what he would say; but he grieved as the Christian grieves, with hope; for he looked upon death as only a brief separation, with the assurance of reunion, where happiness would be perfect in Heaven. He was fortified, but I was weak, and he poured 158 into my stricken heart words of consolation. I loved my mother with great tenderness, and often her remembrance dimmed my eyes when years and years had passed away.

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"After my mother's death Hart Park was sadly changed; my grandmother, with my sister, removed to Baltimore. This was the breaking up of my father's establishment, and in the following March he moved to Georgetown and took charge of St. John's Church, D. C. During this interval his housekeeping appears to have received from him very little attention, and especially was he indifferent with regard to his table, which the servants were left to provide for as they saw fit. One day Dr. Balch came over the river to pay him a visit, and the two friends remained absorbed in conversation until dinner was announced. On entering the dining-room my grandfather was dismayed at beholding a very sorry meal set out for their entertainment; but quickly recovering from the shock, he said: 'Well, Balch, we have here a very poor dinner, it must be confessed; but it is good enough for a Christian, and too good for those that are not.' The dinner passed off in pleasant conversation, but the next time Dr. Balch came he did not propose to dine there. When pressed to do so, he said: 'No, I thank you, Addison; not if it is one of your Christian dinners.'"

Although Oxon Hill was afterwards sold, the graveyard remained in my grandfather's possession, and he continued always to make a yearly visit there (even after his blindness made a guide necessary), until in 1843 his removal to Baltimore rendered it impracticable.

Among the very few papers which remain in his own writing, I find the following:

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To the Memory of Elizabeth Dulany Addison, Wife of Walter D. Addison, Who died July 31st, 1808, aged 33 years.

"A beam of Truth from Eternal Brightness flowed, Played o'er her breast, and checked each rising fear; With pious Faith, to Heaven's decree she bowed, And viewed the awful bourne without a tear. Her soul, enlightened by a Saviour's grace, Lived but to die, and dying lived to Peace."

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Taken down when I visited her tomb, April 30th, 1815.

W. D. Addison.

His dying request, thirty-three years after, was to be buried by her side.

Part II.

THE REV. WALTER DULANY ADDISON. From a portrait by King.

CHAPTER XIII. Ministry in Georgetown. 1809–1817.

IT was in the year 1809," writes my uncle, "that my father accepted the call to St. John's and removed with his two younger sons to Georgetown, where he resided for some years with his brother John. Most of his 'boys' followed him, and he continued his school there successfully for several years, while, at the same time, he performed faithfully his duties as pastor of St. John's."

This old church is so intimately associated with my grandfather's whole ministerial life that it becomes necessary for me to dwell for a few moments on its early history. We have seen that in 1794 (only a year after his ordination) he became interested in gathering together a congregation in Georgetown, holding afternoon services for them in the Presbyterian church, which was kindly loaned him for that purpose by Dr. Balch. There being at that time no Episcopal church in Washington, and this city having now become the political center of a great and prosperous nation, he was, from the first, deeply impressed with the urgent necessity of establishing a church here. But the number of resident Episcopalians was small, and great difficulties arose in providing the necessary funds. He was not, however, to be deterred by these, but undertook at once this labor of love in addition to his own parochial duties, which, owing to the remoteness of his parish church, were at this time not light.

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The fact that the site of Washington was really a part of the parish in which he resided and of which he was afterwards Rector, may have caused him to feel a more personal interest in the matter; but at all events the establishing of a church here became at once the object of his unwearied efforts.

From an historical account of St. John's Church, Georgetown, by the Rev. Dr. C. M. Butler, I extract the following:

“The first service conducted by an Episcopal clergyman in Georgetown was held by the Rev. W. D. Addison in 1794. This gentleman was residing at the time in Prince George's county, Md.”

Two years after “a lot was given, the foundations laid, and the building carried up to the first range of windows. In this condition it remained until the year 1803. During this period the Rev. Mr. Addison held occasional services in this place, though with little encouragement to his hopes of completing the building.”

It appears, however, that neither his faith nor his endeavors failed, and in 1803 we find “a meeting of the citizens of Georgetown was held at Mr. Lemme's tavern on Friday the 28th of Jan., pursuant to a notice in the Washington ‘Federalist,’ to take measures for renewing the effort to build an Episcopal church.” A year after it was sufficiently finished to admit of the “vestry *advertising for a Rector*. . . They were visited by the Rev. Mr. Sayrs of Port Tobacco, 165 who was elected Rector.” “He was,” continues Dr. Butler, “well qualified for usefulness in the then important position which he occupied.” His ministry closed with his life in 1809. His epitaph, written by Mr. F. S. Key, may be seen inscribed on a tablet to his memory in the church.

With the exception of Christ Church at the Navy Yard, some miles distant, St. John's continued for some years the only Episcopal church in Washington.

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"In 1809 Mr. Addison was called to the rectorship. The memories of some of our older citizens will recall how the church was thronged to overflowing with all that was most elevated in station and wealth from the capital. The pews in the galleries were rented at high rates, and to persons of great respectability. The street before the church door was filled with glittering vehicles and liveried servants." The Rev. Dr. Lindsay tells us who some of these "vehicles" contained: "We learn," he says, "from one of the oldest inhabitants that the congregation was a very distinguished one at this period, coming from far and near in two-horse and four-horse carriages. Among the latter were the carriages of Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Calvert from Bladensburg, and the British minister; behind the last-named were two liveried servants with drawn swords. Other well-known names are found in the list of the members of the congregation at that time." In 1811 the church was really insufficient for the congregation. It became necessary to enlarge it, and plans were drawn with that view, but such strenuous objections were made by some of the pew-owners that the enterprise had to be laid aside, the result being eventually that another congregation was organized, and "Christ 166 Church," Georgetown, was built a few years after, and the Rev. R. Keith called as Rector. The fashionable element, however, soon abandoned the Georgetown churches. A new edifice in a more central position was erected in 1816, and from that time they had to depend on the residents in the vicinity for their congregations. After this I imagine both churches were feebly supported, as we find in 1820 that the Bishop desires to reunite them.

My uncle continues: "Soon after he was settled at St. John's (in 1809 or 1810) he had occasion to preach at Rock Creek Church a funeral sermon. The Rector, Mr. Reed, had recently retired from the ministry, worn out by years. The church was in so dilapidated a state that he was compelled to hold the services under the trees in the yard. There never had been a floor to the building. This had very much troubled Mr. Reed, who used to say it was 'a shame not to have a plank floor, as the dust from the dirt floor was very annoying to the eyes!' Mr. Addison immediately set about repairing the edifice; he managed to raise by subscription some hundreds of dollars and to inspire the congregation with a zeal in behalf

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of their venerable but most neglected place of worship. The church in a short time became decent and comfortable. 'Addison's Chapel,' situated near Bladensburg, an antiquated and superannuated building, next engaged his attention. From three persons he succeeded in obtaining \$550 and smaller sums from many others. He also managed to interest the congregation in the project of building on the site of the frame edifice, a brick church, which was accomplished between the years 1812 and 1816."

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It was at this period that the war with England took place, which was by many of our people condemned as unnecessary and uncalled for. I find three old letters descriptive of these days, which are interesting as giving a picture of the time. The first is from Mrs. Hesselius to her grandson, Dr. E. B. Addison, then a student of medicine at Philadelphia:

Woodstock, *Sept. 8 th*, 1814.

Yours of last month, my dear Edmund came to hand sometime after date. It was on that day the fatal battle of Bladensburg was fought, which filled the State with consternation and dismay, and this family with the utmost horror and dread. We were within sound of the guns, and knowing that our dear and near relations were engaged, you can better imagine than I can describe our feelings. The first acct. we received was that William Murray was wounded and taken prisoner. He received a ball which went through his right ankle, yet fought on: another went through a little above his right hip, but still he kept his place, until his left leg was shattered by another ball. He lay from Wednesday noon until Friday morning without surgical aid, for there was none provided by the officers. When the wounds were examined, it was found necessary to remove him to Baltimore, to be under the immediate attention of surgical skill, as the ball and pieces of shattered bones must be extracted. The wound has assumed a healthy appearance, he has no fever and is in excellent spirits, which have never forsaken him. Thus you see, my dear, the dark cloud is brightened by the rays of Divine Mercy. He is in an elegant room at Mrs. B. Williams' and has everything that Friendship and Art can do for him.

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Baltimore has been in constant expectation of an Attack ever since. They have fortified the Town, and the fortifications go so near Green Wood, it is feared the house will be in danger should there be an engagement. They keep 10,000 men in the City and 20,000 more at some distance. We were no way prepared for War. The battle mentioned before, was intended to keep the British from executing their purpose of destroying the Capitol and Palace, but they effected it with ease. The Secretary of War had made not the least defense, and Ft. Warburton, which had cost the State immense sums, was abandoned before attacked, as there were no men to work the guns. Our Country appears to be ruined. If it is not, it must be through the lenity of those we have very foolishly made our Enemies. I hear your Father continued in Georgetown though the British were so near.

I think you must be very deficient in Complaisance not to wait on the G's—indeed not to return every civility, as far as you can without neglecting your business, which nothing should tempt you to do. You may be assured that if you would be respected you must respect. If you think the purchase of an agreeable acquaintance not worth your attention you will not obtain it—and then no place can be made agreeable to you.

People all like attention, and a visit from a well-behaved young gentleman will always be acceptable to young ladies, and it is a compliment expected by them, and if omitted gives offense. What have you done with the new acquaintance you said you have made. I counsel you to beware of young men, they are generally corrupt in principle and abominable in practice.

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In the company of young ladies there is no danger. There is nothing now but confusion of War and distress of families. No safe place of abode and everything to be dreaded.

All join in love and best wishes. If you come down I hope you will take Woodstock in your way.

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Yr. Affect. Grandmother, M. Hesselius.

The following letter, although without date, must have been written some time in 1814. It gives an idea of the horror excited by the name of Bonaparte even in this remote region, and serves to show also the state of feeling which existed in some classes of the community with regard to our own rulers:

Mrs. Belt to Mr. Fitzhugh.

Your letter my dear Mr F. made me both glad and sorry—sorry that my dear Peggy is indisposed—but it is good news indeed that yr corn beats yr neighbor Y's All yr bright prospects delight my heart, and I think I can delight yr heart too, by telling you the great news our Paper gave us yesterday Evening, of the complete overthrow of the French Army last month—35000 French the paper says are annihilated—that is a strange expression—but the English of it is—they are destroyed as an army, and all are taken prisoners or killed, but the wretched animal of an Emperor was not there. Austria has declared in favor of Russia, and I say, the Empress will assist in having her Samson shorn. Take notice of this prediction—but if she should fail me I 170 shall blame her altogether—for her want of Philanthropy, and cannot help thinking she is highly responsible to the world at large to exert all her power in their favor—but when I consider the Solemn Oath she took, it is a stumbling block in my way that I cannot scramble over, and I actually would not be situated as she is, for ten thousand-thousand worlds. Poor wretched woman. What must she do!

Poor Ben Nicholson, you have no doubt seen, was killed at York. I have not seen any of the family. John Ridout came here in the Packet on Friday, to see what was going on. He gives a very diverting account of their alarm in Annapolis;—his Father turned out, but did not know how to manage his musket, not having touched a Gun for years—he wanted John to give him some idea of it but I think he said he had not leisure to attend to him, and if an attack had been made I suppose he must have taken to his heels, as many others would have done. I asked John what his Father thought of the destruction of Havre de

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Grace &c and he says he never saw his Father vexed with the English before. I am most truly sorry for the poor dear sufferers, but firmly believe the British had no intention of burning either of the Towns, and would not have done it if the Flag had not been fired on—which I suppose never was done before in a civilized nation. Mr. Ramsay has been down and staid with us. He was at Mr. Hughes' Furnace when they destroyed it—and conversed with them—they told him, they never thought of destroying Havre-de-Grace till they fired on them—but he did not speak of the Flag. George F has bought a Horse but I am afraid to trust him in the Gig or I might be tempted to take that “Jig” with you whilst we are 171 all quiet, and an Armistice is talked of. The rain this evening prevented my attending Doctor Kemp—and to comfort myself I seated myself to talk to you and have written a larger volume than Duvall could have done, if it was to be wholly confined to the justification of our Rulers—indeed there is nothing to be said with truth—but that they are the tools of Bonaparte and I hope their reign will end with his and very soon, in which you will all join Your affect C. Belt.

The following letter from Mrs. Hanson, who was then living with her son in Georgetown, was written, I presume, in the same year to Mrs. Belt:

Georgetown, *June 7th.*

My dear Kitty:

There are few things in this world which would give me such delight as having you with us these awful times, do write to me and tell me all your plans. The newspapers will inform you of all the grand doings here on Saturday. I am sorry to say I was not a witness to any part of it—the dread of being in so great a crowd, and not having any one to encourage me I did not attempt it—had you been here, we should both have been there, and from all accts we shd. have been paid amply for our trouble. Walter did not attend at Church or Dinner,—I am sure no one rejoices more sincerely than he does at the victory of the

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Russians—but he has scruples that prevented him. I wish it was in my power to get to you, but that is impossible.

My love to the dear Fitzhughs. Ever yours,

R. Hanson.

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In the year 1816 Mr. Addison suffered much from severe inflammation of the eyes, and in November of that year we find the following petition from the vestry, written, however, by his hand:

“We, the members of the Vestry of St. John's Church, Georgetown, fully sensible how important it is that the services of our church should be duly and regularly performed, and as our Rector, W. D. Addison, is, through indisposition, unable to go through the same, we therefore request you to appoint Francis S. Key as Lay Reader, whose Talents and Piety, and soundness in the Faith, render him apt and meet to exercise the office thus reposed in him. We are, Rt. Rev. Sir, yours very respectfully, W. D. Addison.

(Here follow the names of the Vestry.)

In a private letter to the Bishop, which accompanies this, he says: “A Lay Reader would enable me to serve occasionally the vacant churches in the neighborhood, to administer the Holy Sacraments.” He also mentions the fact that his “eyes are seriously inflamed.”

ST. JOHN'S, GEORGETOWN.

CHAPTER XIV. His Ministry in Georgetown Continued. 1817–1824.

HIS ministry in Georgetown was eminently successful,” writes my uncle. “He was esteemed and beloved by his people, and greatly revered for his unaffected piety by all who came in contact with him. This ministry continued in all 17 years, but as early as in the

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year 1817 he was seized with inflammation of the eyes, which greatly impeded his work and eventually culminated in blindness. He at that time sent in his resignation to the vestry, but it was not accepted, and he continued his ministrations at St. John's, with the very valuable assistance of the Rev. Reuel Keith, afterwards Professor Keith of the Theological Seminary, of which institution, during its infancy, he took almost entire charge.”

We find an allusion to this arrangement in a letter to Bishop Kemp:

Georgetown, *May 6 th*, 1817.

Rt. Rev. & dear Sir:

I received yr. kind letter of the 1st, and am happy to inform you that matters are settled agreeably to my wishes. I consented to serve provided the vestry would allow me an 174 assistant, which they have agreed to do. By this arrangement, I shall be able to take charge of a country* church within a few miles of this place—this is a matter which I have very much at heart, as the people of that place can not afford to employ a minister. I shall be glad to receive your approbation in this matter. . . .”

* Rock Creek.

My grandfather was too bold and outspoken in his advocacy of what he believed to be right, and in his condemnation of what he conceived to be wrong, not to encounter opposition from those whose standards differed from his; and while in the main I am quite sure that my uncle's estimate of his ministry in Georgetown was perfectly correct, I think that his popularity declined in the later years of his rectorship. After Christ Church was started many of the younger and gayer of his congregation drifted away from him, while the attachment of the more earnest members of his church became stronger and closer. I think I trace the first premonition of this change in a letter to Bishop Kemp written in 1817.

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Between the Bishop and himself there appears to have existed a warm affection, although they were not always entirely agreed in their opinions. In this year (1817) we find a correspondence between them on the subject of “prayer-meetings” and “extempore prayer.” His letters only remain, but we have a clue to the tenor of the Bishop's in the extracts he gives from them. One would have liked, however, to have seen the entire correspondence.

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To Bishop Kemp.

Rt. Rev. and dear Sir:

I have been endeavoring for some time past to establish prayer-meetings in this place and am sorry to say that my labors have not been crowned with success: the prejudices here are strong against every thing of the kind. Sunday service they seem to think quite sufficient. In addition to prayer-meetings in private houses, it is my desire to open my church one evening in the week, for Divine service; I wanted also to deliver a sermon. As I am fully assured that you will highly approve of the plans here suggested, I must then get the favor of you to signify your approbation of the same, in a letter addressed to me. The dissipation here has grown to a very alarming height, and I know of no other methods by which it may be put down than the ones I state.

Yrs my dear Sir with the highest Respect W. D. Addison.

It is difficult to realize in this advanced age that a single weekly service should have been considered such an innovation as to excite prejudice and opposition in the congregation, and render it expedient for the Rector to ask the Bishop's sanction; but such seems to have been the state of the case.

On the subject of extempore prayer Bishop Kemp appears to have been non-committal, and about “the prayer-meetings” a little lukewarm, for in another letter Mr. Addison writes:

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"I find in your letter you have given no sanction to extempore prayer, nor do I recollect ever having heard you 176 say anything in favor of it. I asked for yr sentiments on the subject of prayer-meetings, not a word of extempore prayer."

In still another letter, referring to the same subject, he says: "I quote yr own words: 'As to Prayer-Meetings, I am of opinion that their success and utility will depend upon a variety of circumstances that must be left to the Prudence and Discretion of every Clergyman.'"

The two following letters explain his course at this time:

Georgetown, *Nov. 3 d*, 1820.

Rt. Rev. & Dear Sir:

Some changes have taken place in this Parish since I saw you, which make me desirous to leave it. This being the state of things, I wish you to take the matter into consideration and advise me where to go.

Knowing your Disposition to serve me at all times, there needs no apology, for any trouble I may give you in the course of the Business. One thing I have to request that for particular reasons, the matter may rest between ourselves. I am dear Sir with high Regard & Esteem
Walter D. Addison.

Georgetown, *Dec. 1 st*, 1820.

My dear Sir:

I received your friendly letter of 23d of November, for which I must beg you to accept my hearty thanks. After weighing all matters well, I am clearly of opinion that the Plan which you suggest is a good one. After a few months 177 have elapsed I think there might possibly be some prospect of making a proposition to the two churches of having them reunited. The charms of Novelty are great to some minds and when they are aided by

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Piety and Talents both of which I think this young man* possesses in an eminent degree—these circumstances preclude the Hope of success at this time. Should the aspect of things prove more favorable you shall hear from me, as I shall need yr aid and advice. We have a Friend above to whom I am willing to submit all things. Do remember me kindly to Mrs Kemp.

* The young man whose merits receive such generous recognition from my grandfather was the Rev. Charles McIlvane, so distinguished first as Professor at West Point, and then as one of the leading Bishops of our Church.

My dear Sir, yours with high esteem and affection Walter D. Addison.

What anxieties and “searchings of heart” preceded this resolution to give up his church we do not know. Dr. Butler tells us that he resigned the rectorship of St. John's “under the conviction that his usefulness had diminished, and that the parish might prosper better in other hands.” One can easily understand that this “conviction” was reached by painful steps, but probably to Bishop Kemp alone he confided his difficulties, for no record of them remains in his family. A few months after we find the following letter to the Bishop:

Apl. 24 th, 1821.

My dear Sir:

The Revd Stephen Tyng, a young man from the Eastward, has preached for me several times. My congregation 178 so far as I know their sentiments are much pleased with him. I believe the vestry would engage him to take charge of this Parish were you fully satisfied with his recommendations—which will be laid before you by himself. He reads remarkably well, and is a good preacher—and I know of no man more qualified to meet the views of the congregation in every respect. He is quite a genteel man, and of considerable Address—and as I observed before, he seems to give very general satisfaction. He brings letters from Bishops Hobart, and Griswold. I am dear sir, yours affectionately W. D. Addison.

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Immediately after his resignation my grandfather took charge of Rock Creek Church and Addison's Chapel, to both of which he had already devoted a good deal of his time and labor. But in 1823 Mr. Tyng accepted a call to Queen Anne's, Prince George's county, and he was (I believe unanimously) recalled to his old church, where he remained until 1827.

The project for founding a theological seminary at Alexandria was first agitated, according to my information, in 1818. The scheme was regarded with some degree of disfavor and suspicion by a certain party in the Church; but from the first my grandfather gave it his earnest support. He felt strongly, however, the importance of proceeding with caution and deliberation and in strict conformity to the authority of the Bishops and the Convention. He endeavored vainly to enlist Bishop Kemp among its supporters. Failing in this, and finding it was likely to be a source of dissension in the Church, he appears to have taken no further active part in it, until the meeting of the Convention in 1822, when finding the movement could no longer be repressed, he used his influence to have it recognized by that body. This motion met with opposition, especially from Bishop Kemp, but, I believe, was finally carried.

Although at the risk of offending a much valued friend, he could not allow his judgment or his vote to be biased by his affection in a matter which he felt to be of so much consequence. Bishop Kemp seems, from a letter of that date, to have felt personally aggrieved by his action.

"At this time," writes my uncle, "he also gave what material aid was in his power to the infant institution."

To Bishop Kemp.

June 20th, 1818.

Rt. Rev. & Dear Sir:

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As it has been recommended by the Conventions of Maryland & Virginia to raise funds for the education of young men for the Ministry, it is proposed by the Clergy of the District of Columbia to establish a society here for that purpose. There was a meeting a few days ago at which I was present. After attending to what was said on the subject I informed the gentlemen that I would give my most hearty concurrence provided it could either recede the sanction of Convention of the two states or the approbation of the Bishops, but inasmuch as these Conventions are so distant & the Desire seems to be very strong to proceed in the business immediately I recommended the latter mode, which was agreed to. It is now my most earnest request that you will signify to me by letter immediately your Approbation to the measure provided there be no Article in the Constitution contrary to the Doctrine & Discipline of the Protestant Episcopal Church. I have many weighty reasons for being thus urgent which I can not now state to you. I should thank you if you would grant Mr. Key permission to retain his license. I am sometimes called from home and it might be an injury to shut up my church at such time.

I am, Dear Sir, with high regard yrs affect'ly W. D. Addison.

P.S. Do let me hear from you soon.

July 12th, 1822.

Rt. Rev. & Dear Sir:

Your letter of the 1st of June reached me only a few days ago. I am really grieved to find that you have thought proper to measure my regard for you by my vote in convention. I will give you my reasons for the part I took and then you can judge whether I treated you ill or not. From all I can learn, there are certain gentlemen of this District who are determined at all events to establish a Theological school in this place. This being the state of the case, I conceived it my Duty to seize the first opportunity of bringing them under the authority of the Convention and thereby give a check to any rash project and prevent Disorders &

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Confusion in the Church. I can safely declare with you that "My conduct had in view no object but to preserve the unity and promote the prosperity of the Church."

Yr sincere friend and Brother W. D. Addison.

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Aug. 18 th, 1825.

Rt. Rev. and Dear Sir:

It always gives me pain to disagree with you in opinion, and I am sorry to find that we differ so widely in the present case.

As there is no law in the Church against the Establishment of Diocesan Theological Schools, and as this School is under the control of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Virginia, I cannot see the evils which appear to present themselves so forcibly to yr mind.

On the contrary I am under the impression that great Advantages are held out, particularly to students who are to settle in the South. As the matter presents itself thus to my mind, I could not conscientiously have acted otherwise than I have done. I send you by mail a Journal of the proceedings of the last Convention of Virginia, where you will see the Report of the Board of Trustees of the Theological School of that State. When you shall have read and attentively observed the Progress and Regulations of the same I trust all opposition on your part will cease, and that you will immediately become one of its warmest supporters.

I am Dear Sir Yrs affect'ly W. D. Addison.

The Colonization Society met with his cordial support, as did the Temperance movement, which about that time began to agitate the minds of the benevolent. Bishop Meade tells us that he "from that time ceased to take even a small glass of very weak toddy with his dinner, as had, till then, been his custom." He continues:

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“Generous alms-giving was only one outcome of his large charity. Though outspoken against vice in the pulpit and elsewhere, no one could have been kinder, more forgiving and hopeful when he saw a fault repented of; and many a troubled, newly awakened soul found through his gentle interpretation of Scripture a God of mercy, pardon and forgiveness. Not only by the sick-bed and the open grave, but at weddings and christenings, in the common pathway, around the social fireside, his people met and welcomed him, when the reverence and kindness, enjoined by such a presence, in no way detracted from innocent enjoyment. He was a thorough Churchman, though no bigot, but a broad, wide-hearted Christian, abounding in human charity, recognizing all other true believers as kindred in spirit however divided in name. Christian unity was not then much heard of, but in all his relations to other denominations he showed a toleration and liberality which must have widened no little his benign Christian influence. Having attained ‘the end of the commandments, which is charity out of a pure heart and a good conscience and a faith unfeigned,’ he embraced all Christians in the arms of his wide-extending charity. He could not endure ‘the unchurching doctrine,’ and utterly rejected it. Just before I lived with him, an Episcopal paper was commenced at the North, in which that position was taken. On finding that it declared all other Churches out of the covenant, he returned it and refused to receive it any longer.”

We have seen how, in a corner of his parish where neither he nor any of the Episcopal ministers had been able to make any impression, he had bid the Methodists “Godspeed,” and 183 furnished them every assistance in building a church, hoping they might do what he had been unable to do; and how in Georgetown Dr. Balch and himself had worked together harmoniously in the Lord's vineyard, we will see that with his Roman Catholic brethren he maintained the same Christian intercourse. “While living in Georgetown,” says Mr. Allen, “he was also on the most friendly terms with the Roman Catholics at the convent, which I believe adjoined his house. In particular there subsisted a friendship between himself and the superior, Father Claravio, which led to a frequent interchange of visits and lasted till death divided them. On one occasion the good Father endeavored to

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induce him to unite himself with the R. C. Church. He responded that although Christian charity prevented him from waging war with brother Christians, it did not make him blind to their errors, and that he felt for his own church a warm and steady devotion from which he could never be seduced. The proposition was never renewed. His charitable forbearance, however, frequently obtained for him the presence of Roman Catholic families at his church." "The Father C. alluded to by Mr. Allen," writes my uncle, Dr. Addison, "was a French gentleman of much excellence. There was a romance connected with his history, which I will here relate. He was an officer in the French army, stationed at St. Domingo at the time of the negro insurrection. There he was engaged to be married to a Miss O'Rourke of that island. Her family were obliged to flee for their lives, and took refuge in Baltimore. His regiment was ordered off. It was while the wars of Napoleon were desolating Europe, and the rumor reached her that he had been killed in battle. Some years 184 elapsed, and, yielding to the persuasions of her family, she consented to become the wife of another. Not long after this marriage the young soldier returned to claim her hand, and she, overwhelmed with despair, cast herself from a window and was dashed to pieces. He then renounced the world and entered the priesthood; he was sent to this country, and for many years held the office of Father Superior at the Convent in Georgetown, where he was greatly revered for his piety by that community, as well as beloved by all who knew him. In his last illness your grandfather was often beside his couch. Just before his death, when he could no longer articulate, the dying priest took my father's hand in his and pressed it with a look of ineffable tenderness. A nun standing by, and witnessing the scene, said: 'Ah, sir, you don't know how he loves you.'" "It is among the most pleasing reminiscences of Mr. Addison," writes my uncle, Wm. Meade Addison, "that he cultivated friendly relations and lived on terms of kindness with his Roman Catholic neighbors, and he remembers with gratitude the attentions of the convent to his family during the last illness of a son, whose death drew from the sisterhood a letter expressing their cordial sympathy with him in his sore bereavement.

“When Mr. Vaughan was minister to this country from Great Britain he showed to the Rev. Mr. Hamburg an English publication entitled Blanco White, an able and severe attack on the Romanists. Mr. Hamburg submitted it to the inspection of Bishop Kemp and many of the clergy of this Diocese. It was resolved to publish it, and the co-operation of Mr. Addison was requested, which he refused, believing 185 that the measure would prove an unwise one, but above all considerations of policy was another, and a more coercive with him: that it was uncharitable and unchristian.”

CHAPTER XV. Gathering Clouds. 1824–1830.

“And now men see not the bright light that is in the clouds.”

IN the year 1824 the inflammation in his eyes returned and again threatened blindness. His daughter writes: “My evenings are spent in writing for my father”; she also mentions that he was “much depressed at the loss of \$1500,” which he had designed as a little portion for his third son (who was about starting in life as a lawyer and wished to go West), as it left him without the means of helping him. His two elder sons had been well equipped for the battle of life; he had every reason to anticipate for them a prosperous career, and he desired that this son should receive an equal portion. His anxieties, however, were relieved by the unexpected arrival of his son Lloyd, who came from Louisville in his “gig” to pay his father a visit, and took his brother back with him. He was already a prosperous merchant, and in a few years Augustus had established himself in an excellent practice. About the fortunes of these two grandsons, their grandmother Hesselius had, when they were boys, suffered much in her mind, and her apprehensions appeared to be well founded. To 187 their eldest brother, then pursuing his medical studies in Philadelphia, she wrote: “I mentioned to you in my last that I had succeeded, through the instrumentality of Mr. Ridout to get \$5000 dolls. made over to your sister;* it will be a little independence for her, though much below former expectations. Your father has always been of such a temper that he will not withhold any thing from his children that he can bestow, but from present prospects his fortune will scarcely hold out till your brothers are established in life.

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God knows best. An All Wise Providence may perhaps see best for all of you to act in a lower sphere than you had been taught to expect and that I should be mortified with the prospect.”

* This at her marriage was returned to him for his use during his life.

Her anxieties, however, proved needless. My uncles were all of them, I think, men of exceptional ability. My uncle Lloyd not many years after this left Louisville for New Orleans with a capital of \$100,000, and his brother Augustus, after fair success in Louisville as a lawyer, removed to Natchez, where he took a high position at the bar, and after some years retired to a large plantation across the river. Both acquired in a few years more wealth than it would have been in the power of their father to have bestowed upon them if he had retained the broad acres which he inherited.

It is remarkable that my uncle Augustus, who after many years returned to Maryland, might have repurchased Oxon Hill, but preferred to buy a place on the other side of the river. Of the other children, the eldest son, Edmund Brice, from whose “Recollections” this little memoir is chiefly compiled, might have taken a high position in his profession, 188 but he preferred the retirement of a country life. He married a lady of some fortune, Miss Bowie, of Prince George's, to whom he was deeply attached. Their home was in Baltimore county, but after her death he removed to Alexandria, where he lived for years in the deepest seclusion, devoting himself entirely to his children, who, in their turn, adored him. He lived to a ripe old age, loved and honored by all who knew him. A keen sense of humor, joined to a highly cultivated mind, and a memory richly stored with anecdote, made him a charming companion, and the young particularly enjoyed his society. One of these young friends, writing of him, says: “With him passed away the one link that bound us to the people and scenes of his youth and generation. Oh those olden gentlemen! Will we ever see their like again! Their courtliness, their gentle suavity of manner to rich and poor, high and low, old and young—the grace caught from a time when birth and education marked the gentleman, rather than what he owned! In that abiding charity of his which thought

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no evil, he credited his friends with virtues they might hesitate to claim for themselves, and if he knew their faults he never spoke of them. His sight became totally obscured some years before his death, but dreadful as was this dispensation to one of his literary attainment and habits, never was murmur heard to escape his lips. In a letter to a friend a short time before his death he says: 'From childhood to youth, from manhood to old age, I have been unusually blessed in every phase of my life.' In some verses composed after his affliction he says:

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"Father of light! though reft of outward sense, Thou givest me Faith and Hope, sweet recompense; Through the dark Valley which must soon be trod, These lights divine will lead me home to God."

To his youngest son, William Meade, life was a harder struggle, but it was because of his indifference to wealth and the extremely generous disposition inherited from his father. Whatever he possessed belonged to whoever at the time needed it more than himself. He also had ample opportunity of amassing a comfortable fortune if that had been his aim. He held the position of United States District Attorney for Maryland under three administrations, having been appointed by Pierce and retained through Buchanan's and a part of Lincoln's terms. At a meeting of the Baltimore Bar it was "Resolved that we recognize in the death of Mr. Addison the loss of a lawyer of ability and untiring industry, a cultivated scholar, a zealous advocate, and a genial, high-toned gentleman." The Chair, in putting the resolutions, remarked that he had never known during his long professional life a more honorable, chivalric and Christian gentleman.

His daughter died soon after her marriage, leaving an only child, who can truly say, that although she inherited from her grandfather only a very small independence, yet she has always possessed, together with the affection of dear friends, the advantages and enjoyments of wealth in larger measure than she could have done if she had received that portion of his estate which would have fallen to her lot. So we see that our Lord's promise,

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that those who despise worldly possessions for His sake “shall receive manifold more in this life and in the world to come life everlasting,” was in her case amply fulfilled. To my grandfather himself the “manifold more” came in peace, serenity of mind and holy joy, and to his sons, for whom alone he valued wealth, in greater content than he could have given them.

In thinking of him I am reminded of a picture by Murillo, which I have seen in the Louvre and which greatly impressed my fancy. The scene is laid in the kitchen of a convent, about which are disposed the materials for a feast. Flesh, fish and fowl are there; everything which could excite the delightful anticipation of the hungry monks; but the holy father, to whom the preparation of the meal has been consigned, stands in a trance; his feet are not touching the earth, his hands are clasped and his eyes raised. Lost in heavenly contemplation, he is utterly oblivious of all worldly concerns. In the meantime a bevy of little angels are busily preparing the dinner, to spare the poor monks a disappointment and shield the holy man from reprimand; and so, when he returns to earth, he finds that no duty has suffered. I have always thought Murillo's conception very touching, and that it showed his recognition of a truth which has been often verified in the experience of saintly people.

My grandfather was by no means a good man of business, but his affairs were conducted with the most rigid integrity and regard for the rights of all connected with him, and also with that charity which “thinketh no evil.” An article in the “Southern Churchman” says of him: “Such a man does not often accumulate property, at least of that kind which ‘moth and rust doth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal’; he does not always retain what he inherited. 191 Mr. Addison's ancestral estate wasted away, or rather was transferred by the heavenly magic of unstinted giving to another and better country.” Few men can pursue two aims successfully. Our Blessed Lord himself has declared that “no man can serve two masters; ye cannot serve God and Mammon.” Therefore when he found these rival claims conflicting, there was never any hesitation which to serve, or any compromise with “Mammon.” Oxon Hill was sold to Mr. Berry after Mr. Addison's removal

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to Georgetown, because he found the charge of it involved a neglect of higher duties. He also believed that a regular income from well invested money would be better for him and for his sons, who were now of an age when their education was necessarily expensive. He was often heard to say "that to a young man a fortune was a misfortune." Yet he did not think it best that his sons should be too much restricted in their expenses, and as long as it was in his power they were amply provided for. Though it was a relief to him to be rid of its care, and he could say to a friend, "Rejoice with me, I am relieved of a great burden," it was not without a pang that he parted with his beautiful inheritance. His affection for it was shown in his last hours, when he requested to be carried back there and "buried with his fathers." I have heard his management of his estate very severely criticised, but never by those whom it most nearly concerned; his children never spoke of him but with gratitude and reverence. "What grateful emotions now swell my bosom," writes his son, Dr. A., "as memory carries me back to the many manifestations of his love. His letters always gave me assurance of the deep interest he felt in my 192 temporal concerns, and each one bore the impress of his greater regard for my soul. Oh! that the good seed which he has sown may not have been cast away among thorns, or scattered in stony places, to be choked or withered, but may have found a soil where the roots may strike deep and produce a hundredfold."

As his pecuniary misfortunes have been by some supposed to be the result of a culpable negligence in his concerns, which was most untrue and uncharacteristic of him (for he was always methodical and painstaking in whatever he undertook), and persons generally have considered this a blemish on his otherwise spotless memory, I will give a brief glance at the true causes of his reduced circumstances. The repurchase of Hart Park just before the emancipation of his slaves, which rendered the cultivation of his lands unremunerative, embarrassed him. But the chief trouble was the loss of the money paid him for a valuable estate called Mt. Welby. He was induced by a banking house in Georgetown to receive the bonds of Robert Morris, whose great reputation as a financier as well as patriot had won the confidence of his fellow-citizens. The tragedy of his fall, and the ruin and distress which

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his failure caused to many, is well known, and my grandfather was one of the sufferers. He lost the whole amount received for this estate.* The money for Oxon Hill was also most unfortunately invested, and again another sum already mentioned. At this time his

* In the Atlantic Monthly for November, 1890, I find the following in an interesting article on Robert Morris: "As early as 1772 he had considered with his fellow-merchants a scheme for establishing a bank, to be called 'The Bank of North America,' the first incorporate bank on this side of the Atlantic, but had given it up on the approach of the Revolution. Now he broached the plan again. 'I mean,' he wrote Franklin, 'to render this a principal pillar of American credit, so as to obtain money of individuals for the benefit of the Union, and thereby bind them more strongly to the general interest by the ties of private interest.' In 1781 the bank was incorporated by Congress and opened under the presidency of Willing, the partner of Morris. The notes circulated at par. Nevertheless, this was not sufficient. Morris having exhausted other resources, repeatedly staked his own private fortune. In this manner he facilitated the capture of Cornwallis in September, 1781, by borrowing on his own credit a large sum from Count Rochambeau. He was able to discharge a portion of the back pay of the Continental troops, thus checking the revolt they had threatened, and enabling Washington to execute his designs on Yorktown. At one time his private notes, issued for the public benefit and received freely in trade, were nearly six hundred thousand dollars. When the army was disbanded he tendered his resignation as superintendent of finance, and the office was discontinued. No one was found to whom Congress was willing to entrust the power it had freely given to Robert Morris.

"He was the most trusted friend of Washington, and held in equal honor among the people. In 1795 he retired from public life, but not from private business. In his old age he entered into vast ventures and unexplored business enterprises. He had early become convinced that the United States was soon to experience a vast increase of population, and to anticipate this he purchased (partly in company with others) vast tracts of land, till he had become interested in over 15,000,000 of acres, and on his own account in 6,000,000 more.

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"But the natural development delayed its coming, and financial stress and failure soon ensued. In February, 1798, he was arrested for debt. He had failed for \$3,000,000. Yet in his public character Morris resembled Washington in the rectitude of his conduct and the elevation of his character, and the resemblance may have been the basis of their intimacy."— L. G. Clark.

"I bear a wound and a healing." The legend of the Addison arms has its origin in a Saxon superstition that a wound received on the field of battle could be cured by the weapon that inflicted it.

193 daughter speaks more than once of his depression. This and the period immediately succeeding the death of his wife were almost the only times when his uniform cheerfulness and serenity of mind were ever seen to desert him, and it was not for long. In speaking (just before its close) of his long life, he said: "I have had a hundred bright days for one dark one."

In the year 1830 Mr. Addison met with a sore trial of his faith and patience in the death of his son Francis, a pathetic incident preceding which I will give in my uncle's words: "By his second marriage he had two sons; the eldest, whom he named Francis Key, from his dear friend Mr. Francis Scott Key, was remarkable for his beauty and intelligence. He was a youth of great promise, and was preparing himself for a cadetship at West Point, which through Mr. Key's influence 194 had been procured for him. My father related to me an incident which occurred the day before the illness which terminated his life. In a very pensive mood Francis was standing in front of the mantelpiece, with his head resting upon his arm, as if musing; suddenly turning around with much seriousness, he repeated from beginning to end Dr. Muhlenberg's beautiful hymn, 'I would not live away,' which had recently been published. His manner and tone were so peculiar as to affect his father and mother to tears, and they often afterwards remembered the scene and were comforted by the remembrance." This bereavement was followed a few years after by the death of his only and beloved daughter. Old age was coming on. Bereavement, poverty and blindness

had overtaken him, and, like David, he could say, "All Thy waves and Thy storms have gone over me."

CHAPTER XVI. 1817–1830.

"Nor spent his soul in idle moans, But looking upward full of grace, he prayed, and from that happy place, God's glory smote him on the face."— *Tennyson*.

WE know nothing of the old Addison who originally adopted the rather odd motto of this family. The memory of the "wound" and the "healing," which he thus vainly endeavored to perpetuate, is forgotten, but it could never have been more touchingly appropriate than to his venerable representative in the New World.

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Mr. Addison's eyes became constantly worse, and were at last operated on in Philadelphia by Dr. Physic, without success. As soon as all hope of their restoration was removed, he realized that he must, for their own sakes, tear himself from his beloved flock and from the church which was the first fruits of his ministry and bound to his heart by a thousand ties. He was not yet 60 and might have looked forward to many years of happy usefulness. But he realized that his ministry was over and accepted the decree (as a friend happily expressed it) "in all the dignity of entire submission to God's will." Very touching, however, must have been the parting scene. His joyful service in God's sanctuary on earth was ended, and when the final benediction (as their pastor) to his beloved people was pronounced, and he went out from them into the darkness, those blessed words doubtless sank deep into his own soul: "The peace of God that passeth understanding keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God." The struggle was over. Henceforth peace, which nothing earthly could disturb, filled his heart while life remained, and gave a radiance to his countenance which struck all who saw him. But even after he became blind he continued to hold occasional services, and when, in 1830, the church was without a Rector, Dr. Lindsey tells us, although entirely blind, he officiated for them

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until some time in 1831, but without accepting any remuneration. In 1830 his daughter writes: "Cousin B. tells me that you continue to preach in your old church, much to the satisfaction of a large and attentive congregation. I pray God you may long continue to be useful in this manner." I have heard that he has been known to go through 197 the whole service depending entirely on his memory, which was extraordinarily good. Some one writing at that time thus speaks of him: "Looking on this venerable man, with his hoary head and placid countenance, which bears the marks of chastening, but not of tumult or discontent, his presence seems to breathe forth the eloquent complaint of the blind bard of 'Paradise Lost':

"Not to me returns Day with the sweet approach of even or morn, Or sight of vernal bloom or summer rose, Or flocks or herds or human face divine, But clouds instead and ever during dark Surround me, from the cheerful sight of men Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair Presented with a universal blank, Fair nature's works to me expunged, erased, And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

I will add here a few lines lately received from a dear friend who has since gone to join him in "that happy place":

"There was no appearance of blindness in those piercing eyes, so that I was surprised when told that Mr. Addison was sightless. I really think he was one of those favored mortals whose resurrection begins in this world. I have not seen him for many years, but with that same face, however glorified, I feel sure he will appear in Heaven, for it was the face of his spirit. I have imperfectly tried to give you my impressions of your sainted grandfather, whom I hope to see again in joy and felicity in the Paradise of God."

After resigning his pastorship in Georgetown he retired 198 to a very small house on Capitol Hill, where Bishop Meade says he frequently visited him, and where his simple wants were provided for by his children, who appreciated the privilege of being permitted to do so; but to one whose office it had been "not to be ministered unto, but to minister,"

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the great joy of whose life it had been to give of his abundance, it must have proved a strange and difficult task to adjust himself to a position so new. He has been heard to say (slightly altering St. Paul's words): "I know how to be abased, and I have known how to abound." This was the only intimation he ever gave of what he felt on this subject. "No one ever heard him repine, and with regard to his blindness, far from murmuring, he thanked God continually, because it was 'so much better to be blind than deaf.'" To a man whose whole life had been spent in the exercise of an almost restless energy, the transition from a life of active service to one of quiet contemplation must have been peculiarly difficult; but he knew it was ordered for him by an all-wise and tender Father, and he now gave his whole mind to the task of adapting himself to that new life. He did not doubt that it had its blessings and its privileges, and he would not fail to "open the windows of his soul" to receive them. With regard to the work he had so loved, he felt with Milton:

"God doth not need either man's work or His own gifts; Who best bears His mild yoke, they serve Him best: They also serve who only stand and wait."

He was still God's consecrated servant, and he felt that his time was not his own. In this waiting service, as in his 199 active ministry, he most carefully arranged his hours so that no minutes should be lost. A favorite maxim with him was, "It is better to live by rule than by random." Certain hours were set apart for devotion (and these were never violated whether at home or on a visit to his children or friends), certain hours were given to society and to exercise, or to teaching. One of his favorite tasks was the education of a little adopted daughter, whose cleverness gave him great pleasure. He loved to watch and to guide the development of her mind. At five he began to teach her Latin, and at seven Greek, his perfect familiarity with these languages enabling him to do so without a book. Often in the Capitol grounds in sunny weather a noticeable pair might have been seen enjoying the sunshine together or sitting under the shade of the trees in the beautiful grounds—the gay child and the reverend man with the peaceful face. Often, I think, they took their lessons there. One lesson, at all events, she was taught there one day, and never forgot. They had returned from their walk in the grounds, on a very

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warm day, a little tired, and the child was showing to a companion, with great glee, two or three bright pebbles which she had picked up. My grandfather heard the exclamations of pleasure, and inquired what it was all about. "It is a pretty pebble, father, I found in the grounds." "But, my child, do you not see that you have taken away what does not belong to you? Go directly and put it just where you found it," and this she was compelled to do. Referring to this part of his life, Bishop Meade says: "His fine estate, extending several miles along the east bank of the river, melted away, and at last its once wealthy proprietor was reduced to penury; to this was added 200 the great affliction of increasing dimness of sight, terminating in blindness. Both these evils he bore with exemplary resignation, and both were alleviated by every attention and comfort which affection could bestow. He lived to a good old age, loving all men and beloved by all who knew him, to the last, the happiest and most grateful of all the happy and grateful ones I have ever seen or known. In my visits to the District afterwards, I ever felt it to be my sacred duty, as it was my highest happiness, to enter his humble dwelling. Such was the man of God with whom it was my privilege to spend some happy, and I hope, not unprofitable months."

The monotony of his life was relieved by yearly visits to his children, and to dear friends who earnestly coveted the privilege of his presence. His visits to Colebrook, the home of his sister-in-law, Mrs. John Addison, he particularly enjoyed; they were congenial spirits, and the intimacy which had begun in their early youth, age had only served to strengthen. Very pleasant were their communings together on these occasions. Her daughter, Miss Addison, gives this little picture of these visits: "Your grandfather would occasionally make a visit at Colebrook after he became blind. I think of him oftenest as sitting by the fireside, with my dear mother, who loved to hear him discourse on religious subjects, and I can well imagine what a comfort it was to her, who was not so cheerful a Christian as he. I remember he was fond of repeating hymns, Watts' particularly, and the lines which made most impression on me were:

"Strange that a harp of thousand strings Should keep in tune so long"—

alluding to our frail bodies. I am sorry I cannot remember the whole verse. On one of his visits to us, Mary Shaaff was there also; she had always known him, but had never been thrown so intimately with him before, and consequently was surprised and delighted with him. She would kneel by his side and listen to his conversation, while he repeated passages from *Paradise Lost*. How interesting it was also at family prayers to hear him repeat passages from the Bible! His favorite chapter was the one on 'charity.'"

Another dear friend with whom he was in the habit of passing a few weeks every year was Mr. S. Ridout, of Annapolis, his brother-in-law. They also had been friends from their boyhood. My uncle gives the following description of him: "My father had one sister, Mary, who married Mr. Samuel Ridout, of Annapolis, one of the best of men. He was educated at Harrow, England, and with his grandmother, Mrs. Gov. Ogle, resided several years in France. My uncle was a man of the most genuine and unaffected piety; a fine scholar, and with his mind well stored with general knowledge, he was indeed a most delightful companion. He abounded in anecdote, and the incidents and stories he would relate were always apropos of something that had been said, and were never drawn out except on fit occasions; then not to excite the boisterous laugh, but pleasant smile; something you would treasure in your memory to be called up when you were disposed to be sad. Your grandfather and he were fast friends, and the bonds which united them in life were severed only in death. He was mourned for by my father, not as lost, but gone before. Oh, is not that religion worth one anxious inquiry which keeps us cheerful 202 and happy amidst the turmoils and ills of life, its cares and sorrow? What can riches purchase in comparison with that peace of mind which is the good man's inheritance?"

"In the year 1846 his youngest son, William Meade, married a Miss Girault, of Natchez, a very lovely woman, and soon after went to housekeeping in Baltimore. His father and mother went to live with him, taking with them their adopted daughter, but my father always continued his annual visits to me. My wife loved him with great tenderness, which

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was warmly reciprocated, and these visits were a source of great gratification to her. Children were his delight. I ever thought he loved them because our Saviour 'took them in his arms and blessed them.' As we have before said, teaching was a passion with him, and no child ever knew him but to love him. I carved letters on a shingle, and with them he taught my children the alphabet. They were hardly ever too young to begin with. He would commence with 'this is your hand, this is your nose, this is your chin,' and so on, touching the part. With what glee would they come every morning to say the old lesson and learn the new! They knew the hour, for he was very methodical and would never allow one duty to interfere with another. He rose early always, and after a careful toilet and his private devotions, he had a habit of taking several glasses of water. After breakfast and prayers came the children's hour. He then returned to his closet, and at twelve took his walk. As he preferred to walk alone, I had white stones placed at intervals to guide his steps, as he could distinguish them in the bright sunshine and it gave him pleasure. Then came a simple lunch of fruit, and he retired again to his room until 203 dinner; after which we enjoyed his conversation on the porch with the family around him, then another hour of retirement, another walk at sunset, supper, and conversation again till bedtime. So passed his well-ordered, peaceful and happy life. No convent rule could have been more systematic. It seemed to me his life was spent in prayers and praise; at least so much of it as was not employed in the duties he owed his family and his fellow-men. How many thousand times, when he thought himself alone, have I seen his lips move in prayer, knowing this from his manner. He was exceedingly gentle in his manner and kind to every one. My brother William mentions his 'quick temper,' with a view to show how completely he was influenced by that religion which it was his happiness to inculcate. Indeed, he often himself asserted that it had been his chief difficulty in life; but had we not been told by our father himself we could not have imagined that the angry passions ever ruffled his bosom, but that an eternal calm held entire possession and governed his every thought. I do not remember that I ever heard him give way to one unkind or harsh expression. Should not that religion excite our admiration and love that gives such mastery over our passions and which brings into the same fold the lion and the lamb? Always cheerful, though stricken

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with years and bearing many infirmities, blindness among the number, grace now fully abounded and controlled his every action. His temper was unruffled, when under its natural impulses it would have been tempest-tossed. His appetites were as much under his control as his passion; his only intemperance was in cold water; the tumbler was the last thing at night and the 204 first thing in the morning and at frequent intervals throughout the day. I sometimes feared it would injure him, but the habit was incurable and seemed to strengthen with his years. I have seen him drain the glass to the very last drop and then his lips would move in thanksgiving.”

(Perhaps old Herbert's words were in his thoughts:

“Not that we may not here taste of the cheer, But as birds drink and straight lift up the head, So let us sip, and think of better drink We may attain to after we are dead.”)

“I have now given you the outlines of your grandfather's life from lisping childhood to tottering age, and as we trace his life through each gradation we ever find him toiling in the vineyard of the Lord. Now as a youth on shipboard, with kind words and religious books endeavoring to comfort a poor sailor. Again we see him in the humble cottages of the poor, elevating hope and giving comfort in the hour of death by the assurances of Holy Writ. At another time he is striving to prevent the shedding of blood, and for that purpose following parties to the duelling ground. We see him by the wayside, striving still to do good, returning from his daily toils with a heart teeming with love for his fellowmen, and overflowing with gratitude to God for His infinite mercies, and when stricken with blindness and poor, blessing his Maker that He had spared his hearing and given him shelter for his head.

“Your grandfather, my children, considered riches a blessing or a curse; a blessing when they were used temporarily to supply our wants and comforts and when they 205 afforded us the opportunity of helping the needy. Further than this, he esteemed them worse than dross. Had he been as most men, studious of gain, he might have looked from his window

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on well-stored garner and left his children rich. But think you that these things would have calmed his last moments, or eased a dying pang, or given the peace and cheerfulness which filled his heart while reason remained? No, certainly not. He was impulsive by nature, quick, irascible, as was acknowledged by himself. What a beautiful commentary is this upon our holy religion, that from such elements could come so much meekness and humility, so much that was lovely and lovable."

"It has been pleasant to follow him step by step in life; now, at the close, we must brush away the tears and follow him yet a step further, and then my pen will have completed its task."

CHAPTER XVII. THE END.

"Then came forth a summons for Mr. Standfast, and the Post brought it to him open in his hand; the contents whereof were, that he must prepare for a change, for his Master was not willing that he should be so far from Him any longer."— *Pilgrim's Progress*.

THE particulars of this holy man's last illness and death are given in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Allen by his son, William Meade Addison. Mr. Allen had himself visited him a few days before his death and thus writes: "Mr. Addison was a man of the most unwavering faith. His confidence in God was the anchor of his soul. We shall never forget his beautiful and impressive words in a conversation with him just before his death. Speaking of the faith exhibited by one of our old bishops, he quoted the words: 'If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall remove mountains.' 'Yes,' said he, 'as a grain of mustard seed,' how small the cause; 'Mountains of difficulty,' how wonderful the results!"

The letter of Mr. Addison above referred to is in the following words:

Baltimore, *Feb. 20 th*, 1848.

Rev. and Dear Sir:

As you have requested me, and I promised, I now give you some account of the last illness of my father. On the 207 morning of October 19th, 1847, he had a very remarkable dream, which he regarded as an admonition of approaching death; some weeks elapsed and we began to see that he was failing in strength—he was an early riser and generally in the breakfast room in advance of the hour for prayers; he was observed to get down later than usual, although he rose earlier than formerly, and at last it became necessary for his convenience to postpone the breakfast hour. He had now become so feeble that we were obliged to assist him from his knees, but he still preserved all his usual cheerfulness. In a few weeks more he had given up family worship in the morning and remained in his own room, until the afternoon. His failure was now very rapid, though he had no pain and made no complaint. He knew his end was approaching, and advanced to meet it with a composure which showed he was about to enter a scene for which he was prepared. There was no hurry or excitement, no abstraction, no separation of himself from his family. He might be compared to one going on an important journey, to which he had been looking forward for a long time and for which he had made every preparation. There was no change in his manner indicating that he had anything to do which all his life he had not been doing; the task had not been neglected until the evening-time warned the laborer that the hours of work were drawing to a close and double exertions were to be made to repair the idleness of the morning. The morning had witnessed the sweat of his brow, noon saw him at his toil, and evening found him still calmly at his labor. What I wish to convey to you is the composure of mind of this man of God; while there was no ecstasy on the one hand, there 208 was no fear on the other, but such a seriousness of deportment as became a man who felt he was a pardoned sinner going to receive mercy, not reward, which well became the man who, when asked a few days before his death if he relied on the merits of his own works for salvation, replied, “They are not worth a straw; my only hope is in the merits and blood of Christ, through whom alone (laying his hand on his heart) my peace is made with God.” Several times in his last days he laid his hand on his heart, and said, “All is peace here with God and man.”

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About twenty days before his death his illness took an acute form, and till his death he suffered agony the most intense, borne with resignation the most perfect; no murmur escaped his lips, not even a groan. Until the day preceding his death he retained his faculties unimpaired. Indeed, towards the last his mind seemed to invigorate, and never shall I forget his deathbed sermon to a young friend a day or two before his death. He told her what was often mistaken for religion, but was not religion, and warned her against a mistake on that point. Then he told what religion was, its rewards and the proof that we have it. He then concluded with beseeching her to shun the fashionable amusements of the time, as destructive to the growth of genuine piety. That was a day or two before his death, and probably occupied fifteen or twenty minutes, and was pronounced with earnestness and with a strength of voice which surprised us all. His whole heart was in his discourse, and he did not cease till his voice died away to a whisper. I thought then I had never heard so much compressed in so small a compass. I think so still. I never stood by a Christian's death-bed till then, or heard a sermon from a dying man. The occasion can never be forgotten by any who were present. In reply to a question put by Dr. Wyatt, with a view to discover if he was willing to depart, he answered, "Thy will be done, whether it be to live or die." On another occasion he replied the same thing, and said he did not permit himself to have any wish on the subject. His watchword through life was "Thy will be done," not merely that, but that "Thy will may be my will." He was suffering great pain, and the question was put, "Though you are willing to die, are you willing to live in your present sufferings for years?" There was no answer. I could not rest in doubt, and the question was repeated. After a short pause, in which he seemed to be questioning and cross-questioning his heart, he replied with equal, if not greater, emphasis than before, "In that case I still say 'Thy will be done.'" He repeatedly endeavored to prepare us for the bereavement his death would occasion, by urging every consideration which could reconcile us to his departure, and with the utmost composure designated the spot which he had selected 40 years before for his burial. In the summer of 1847 he told me that as the time of his death approached he felt like the patriarchs of old, who had their bodies deposited where their forefathers slept, "and when I die," said he, "bury me at Oxon

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Hill." He was blind for twenty-one years, and being a student from his boyhood, you can imagine that his loss was the greater on that account. I never heard him murmur at his loss; on the contrary, he delighted in expatiating on the blessings that were left him. Only a few days before his death he repeatedly said, "I have had a hundred bright days for one 210 dark one." I never saw any display of temper but once, and that was years ago, and then the flash in his eye was like heaven's electricity—the lightning flash which we see on the horizon without rumbling or sound; not a word was spoken, and in an instant all was quiet and serene. He was believed to be a man of great gentleness of temper. This was a mistake; his temper was naturally quick. By grace he conquered it. I should suppose he was naturally disposed to husband his means; by grace he threw with both hands his bread upon the water. It returned to him in this life tenfold in the form of contentment and unfaltering reliance upon Providence, and it will return to him a thousandfold hereafter. Though chastised by almost every form of affliction, I never saw him dejected; though blind and almost helpless, I never saw him idle. His labors were as regular as those of the plowman who goes to his work for his daily bread. The mornings were mostly spent in sacred reading; to hours thus consecrated he was indebted for his extensive knowledge of Holy Scripture and of the poets who have sung on sacred themes. A few days before his death, the sole remnant of his fortune, consisting of a very few books, was distributed among his friends. They were, so to speak, the armor of a wornout warrior whose warfare was over. Here was the first Prayer Book he ever owned, then his first Testament, there were Watts, and Bunyan, Milton, and his favorite Young, and a few Latin and Greek books—the companions of hours not devoted to sacred duties and pleasures.

He breathed his last on Sunday morning, January 31st, 1848, in one and the same moment a suffering sinner here and a glorified saint there." At the request of the Rev. 211 Dr. Wyatt, his remains were carried to Old St. Paul's when the services of the day were over, and laid in front of the chancel. At a late hour my uncle visited the church, and as he entered the dimly lighted aisle he saw the venerable figure of the Rector standing beside the coffin. He had come to bid a last farewell to his aged friend and brother. The next

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morning a sorrowful little company followed him to his last resting-place beside the wife of his youth.

From a beautiful tribute to his memory, written by an unknown hand for the "Southern Churchman," I copy the following: "According to his wish, he was buried at Oxon Hill, the home of his youth, where his ancestors have been laid to rest before him. There he now lies beneath the aged trees which had perhaps shaded his childish sports, almost within sound of the gentle, murmuring Potomac. If in that unseen country where the spirits of just men made perfect await their final reward, the tie of kindred blood unites still more closely souls already congenial in Christ, and is recognized, as we are glad to believe most probable, it is pleasant to think of a meeting between two so lovely and pleasant in their lives, who did so much good, each in his own appointed way, as Joseph Addison the writer and Walter Addison the Christian minister.

"Behold fast streaming from the tree, His all-atoning blood: Is this the Infinite? 'Tis He: My Saviour and my God.

For me these pangs His soul assail, For me this death is borne, My sins gave sharpness to the nail, And pointed every thorn."

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"Thus with a sincerity that none can doubt wrote Joseph Addison, 'the most polished essayist, the most scholarly critic, the most genial, delicate humorist of his time'; and the spirit of the verses we have quoted, breathing in lovely humility through the whole life of another Addison (who more than a century later reflected no less honor on the name) was such as must draw soul to soul, when, freed from bodily pain and toil, beyond the shores of Time, they meet and know each other."

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This pleasant association of the name of Joseph Addison with that of the subject of this little memoir suggests a comparison between these two men, in most respects so unlike, and yet possessing some qualities in common.

Great modesty and calmness, with a natural cheerfulness of temperament, were striking characteristics of them both. Though in a different measure, both were devout men, “full of love and awe of Him who made them, and of kindness and goodwill to all His creatures.” Both led beneficent lives, though the influence of one was almost world-wide, while that of the other was circumscribed by narrower bounds. They were both eminently successful men, for each attained in a remarkable degree the aim for which he lived; but the aims were different, and a more striking contrast can scarcely be imagined than between the career of Joseph Addison, the brilliant man of the World, on whom society lavished its honors and rewards, for whom, says Thackeray, “all the laurels of Europe were scarcely sufficient,” and Walter Addison, the man of God, asking nothing of the World and receiving nothing, desiring neither its admiration nor its applause. Zealously and diligently fulfilling the duties of his holy calling as long as he was permitted to exercise it, and then giving himself to the cultivation of those difficult and despised virtues of Patience, Humility, Meekness and Self-denial. Often misunderstood, and only thoroughly appreciated by those most nearly associated with him, yet it seems to me that this life, if we measure it by the noblest standard ever presented to human aspiration, was assuredly the nearest to that ideal. Perhaps no one would have been more ready to acknowledge this than Joseph Addison himself in his later days. They had different gifts, and different missions were assigned to them.

The one mingled freely with the world, accepting all that it had to offer, yet without being corrupted by it; on the contrary, exerting a purifying influence on the society in which he moved and on the literature of his country, the effect of which is felt to-day wherever the English tongue is known.

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The other let go all that was his, that he might lay hold more firmly on eternal life, finding, according to our Lord's own words, "Manifold more in this present life, and in the world to come life everlasting." He sought and attained the true "secret of a happy life," that life which is so near to us all and is yet found by so few, a secret which enabled him to say when the storms of a long life were ending, "I have had a hundred bright days for one dark one." "Bright," surely not with earthly brightness, but with the light of God's countenance shining upon him.

With regret I feel that my task is ended; but a friend has sent me a tribute to his worth by Bishop Whittingham, which was read before the Convention of 1848 and preserved by her. It will, I think, be an appropriate ending to this little memorial of a good man's life.

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Extract from Bishop Whittingham's address to the Convention, June 1 st, 1848.

Brethren of the Clergy and Laity:

"We meet not again this year as last with the number of those who labor in the word and doctrine undiminished. Thankfulness for that blessing is to be exchanged for a higher privilege—the recognition of mercy displayed to a venerable departed brother throughout a long life of faithful obedience, and in a consistent death, calmly peaceful, in the full assurance of a religious and holy life.

Our late senior Presbyter, the Rev. Walter Dulany Addison, has been taken from us, full of days and of the fruits of faith. Among the first, if not the very first, admitted to Holy Orders by the first Bishop of this diocese, his continuance with us was a link of the present to the past which we could ill afford to lose. Although for some years past unable to be present with us in the body, he was never absent from us in spirit on these annually recurring occasions of assemblage to take counsel together for the work of the Lord. His prayers co-operated with the efforts of his brethren to preserve the peace and purity of the household

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of faith, to keep men in the good old paths in which the fathers trod, and to bring to the blessed unity of the Spirit those whom ignorance, prejudice or error had led astray, or sin was making willing captives of the enemy. A more earnest, faithful laborer in the holy cause we never had, so long as he was permitted to fulfil the active duties of the ministry; and when his Master suffered the infirmities of age to disqualify him for those toils, as warm a heart as ever, still beat true to the 215 claims of the Lord's own heritage on his love and care. Childlike simplicity of faith and love characterized him in all the many vicissitudes of his long career. He was eminently single-hearted. Long may his example of Godly sincerity and quietness be remembered among us and taken as a model. Long may the fragrance of his name continue to refresh us."

FINIS.